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## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE House of Commons, in its sittings before Easter, if it has spoken a great deal, has not said much. On the three great questions of the moment—questions which apparently cannot be solved by any peaceful means but can only be cut by the sword—it has scarcely touched. But about the Polish war too much was said long since—enough to encourage the weaker party in its hopeless resistance, and enough also to irritate the stronger and cause it to pursue more unrelentingly than ever its course of merciless repression. Concerning the American contest it would be difficult to find anything new to say even in the way of simple comment; while all notion of interfering between the combatants and of troubling either of them with threats or with equally hateful "good advice" seems to have been abandoned on every side. The North is as much at liberty to crush out the Southern rebellion in ninety days as Russia is to re-establish order in Poland within ten. A further extension of the time originally fixed for the accomplishment of a very difficult task will, no doubt, be conceded in Poland as well as in America; and it is doubtful whether, in the end, the Russian or the Federal American Government will prove itself to have erred the most both as to its own strength and as to its adversaries' weakness. Since orders were issued from St. Petersburg to finish off the Polish insurrection in ten days more than ten months have elapsed;

and the three months in which the Southern States of the former American Union were to have been subjugated have grown into three years without the desired result being as yet, from any point of view, discernible.

If the Polish question, however, has been exhausted—so that it is now very much in the position of Poland itself—and if the American war has presented no new aspect of late, and is apparently as far as ever from its termination, the Dano-German conflict is both novel and important; and yet on this topic also the House of Commons has been almost as silent as though the direction of foreign policy belonged in England, as in the despotic countries of the Continent, to Ministers alone. Several members have, to be sure, testified their willingness to commence a debate on a subject which offers, perhaps, a finer field for discussion than any similar one of modern times, and which, however and whenever you enter upon it, and at each fresh step, presents debatable ground. But the only point which really concerns England in the multiform quarrel between Denmark and all Germans, whether Legitimists or Revolutionists and which involves considerations of nationality, treaty rights, and rights of succession, is the extent to which the English Government has already mixed itself in the quarrel, and the liabilities it has thereby incurred. No one imagines that it is very deeply compromised; and most persons are sure that, compromised

or not, it will make no attempt to assist Denmark by declaring war against all Germany. Nevertheless, the peaceful action of the British Government might be rendered more efficacious could it be made evident that the line of conduct it has hitherto pursued towards and between the contending parties is generally approved of by the House of Commons. Up to the present moment the prevailing feeling in both Houses has apparently been that a small Power is being shamefully bullied, and stands a chance of being robbed, by two great ones; and such, indeed, is the simple truth, whether it be attempted to justify the German invasion of Danish territory by the hazy "principle of nationalities" unrecognised by Governments or by treaty obligations, easy to misinterpret, and which are worth nothing in the eyes of German democrats.

It is a common reproach against the Germans, in connection with Schleswig and Holstein, that they demand for the German inhabitants of those provinces rights which are systematically denied to the foreign subjects of Austria and Prussia. They are charged with "inconsistency" in claiming for the Germans of the Danish duchies concessions which are withheld from Hungarians, and Italians, and from all German-governed Poles. But the truth is, the Germans of the national Democratic party, as well as the German Governments, are not inconsistent; they are simply unjust. The absolute rulers and the revolutionists of Germany agree in desiring to keep



THE INUNDATION AT SHEFFIELD: THE BURSTING OF THE RESERVOIR AT BRADFIELD ON THE NIGHT OF THE 11TH INST.—(FROM A SKETCH BY W. NICHOLSON)



what they have got and to get what more they can. In this they are consistent enough. Thus, in spite of treaties and of the much-vaunted "principle of nationalities," they would Germanise Posen because the Polish inhabitants of the duchy are powerless. They assert German extensions in Schleswig because Denmark is weak; but they refrain from making any demands on behalf of the Franco-German province of Alsace, because France is very strong. The Germans who take their stand on treaties (which, as a notorious foreign diplomatist lately remarked, "every one has a right to interpret in his own manner"), and the Germans who cultivate ingenious and very variable theories of nationality, are of one mind as regards territorial aggrandisement whenever it can be effected by a happy concord of powerful neighbours at the expense of a helpless one.

Nevertheless, however desirable it may be to prevent the commission of a gross act of injustice, such as the actual dismemberment of Denmark, or even a first step in that direction would certainly be, it is not easy to imagine England going to war with Germany or with either of the great German Powers under any circumstances. Our natural allies are not very creditable ones; but we have too many interests in common to fall out about any but the most important matters; and Austria and Prussia know as well as ourselves that, in fighting the battle of Denmark in the Baltic, we should be helping to gain victories for France on the Rhine.

The question of the fate of Denmark and its half-Danish, half-German, and its entirely German duchies, is, as a matter of mere speculation, about as interesting as a riddle without an answer. Its aspect, however, may undergo a change when fresh light has been thrown upon it by the publication of another instalment of diplomatic correspondence. When Parliament knows what Ministers have been about, and the country knows what Parliament thinks of Ministers' proceedings, and when the dispute between Germany and Denmark can be reduced to fewer points of difference than it presents now, the public opinion on the subject may take some more precise form than it has assumed hitherto. Probably the whole question will never be understood by any one capable of explaining it fully to any one else; but we may, at least, hope to learn, without much further delay, how far the negotiations in connection with it have involved England, and, in case of the proposed conference leading to nothing, in what position we shall find ourselves after its break up.

## THE CALAMITY AT SHEFFIELD.

STATE OF THE TOWN.—SIGHTSEERS.

SHEFFIELD is at last assuming more the appearance of its former self than it has worn since the fatal night when it was so suddenly plunged into misery and mourning by the waters of the desolating flood. The popular countenance begins to put on a more cheerful look, and the busy crowds that still hurry through the streets seem more settled to "their businesses" than they have been for some days past. The feverish excitement has in a great measure subsided, and is only now and then revived by the influx of the flood of visitors which occasionally inundates the ill-fated scenes of the recent disaster. Special trains have each day since the accident brought their thousands of sightseers from Manchester, Stockport, Hull, Grimsby, Lincoln, Newark, Peterborough, and other towns; and, of course, on arriving, their first universal inquiry was for "the way to Bradford"—and to Bradford they made the best of their way, determined to see "the ruins," as they were styled with graphic brevity upon the large printed bills with which the omnibuses were plentifully placarded. The route from the town to the reservoir on Sunday and Monday presented the appearance of the road to Epsom on a Derby Day. At intervals along the valley booths had been erected for the sale of refreshments, and it need not be said that such refreshments as could be got were not entirely disregarded. The now vacant sites of the once busy and comfortable village inns are in several instances occupied by tents, over the entrance to which are hung the signs by which they were known in happier times. "Trickett's Farm," a melancholy and dreary spot, around which the saddest recollections cling, was a point which attracted the most eager attention and drew forth the deepest sympathy; for there it was that the house, with all its eleven unfortunate inmates, was swept away into the eddying torrent of death. An old tree, which still stands, or did a few days ago, upon the melancholy scene where almost all else has disappeared, has received the most flattering but abtracting attentions from the "Vandals of our isle," who have shivered its devoted timbers with their pocket-knives and carried off little bits as valuable relics.

The health of the town is most satisfactory. The amount of disease is not above the ordinary average. The work of cleansing the streets, cellars, and back yards, courts, and lanes, is going on rapidly, and there is every reason to believe that the precautionary sanitary measures which have been and are being taken will have the effect of preventing any extraordinary disease. The very reasonable fears which many persons entertained with regard to this important subject will therefore be happily removed. Indeed, the health of the town is now considered so good that the health committee no longer deem it necessary to sit daily.

The search for bodies continues, and two or three are found daily, but many are still missing.

### RELIEF TO THE SUFFERERS.

The Relief Fund goes on increasing. It now amounts to nearly £30,000. The subscriptions include £200 from her Majesty, £50 from the Princess of Wales, £50 from the Duke of Cambridge, and several from Caen, Boulogne, Paris, and other places in France. In London the Lord Mayor has already received nearly £3000 for transmission to Sheffield.

The relief committees have finished their inquiries and visitations, and have relieved upwards of 400 of the distressed living between Malin and Owlerton. Large quantities of food, clothing, bedding, furniture, coats, and kitchen utensils have been distributed. About £600 has also been expended in assisting those workmen who were deprived of the means of earning their livelihood in consequence of the loss of their working tools. Great numbers have been supplied with tools, and they will thus be enabled to resume work in a few days. Whilst giving relief in money and in tools to the unfortunate workmen who had lost their own, the committee at the same time require them to sign an indemnity, assigning over to the committee their claim for compensation against the Waterworks Company. It is gratifying to have to bear witness to the honesty of the working men in this matter. The tools' committee met with no disposition among the men to exaggerate their losses, but rather to underrate them.

The Rev. E. R. Taylor has nobly announced that he is prepared to make arrangements to receive all those children who have been left orphans by the late catastrophe, and to feed, clothe, and educate them.

### THE BURSTING OF THE DAM AND ITS CAUSES.

In addition to the information we published last week on this subject, we now add the following details:—

There: reservoir had been filling for some time past, and on Friday, the 11th, it was nearly full. The body of water was immense, and, before the strong wind which prevailed on that day, it rolled on to the embankment with terrific force. These symptoms created fear in many. The embankment was looked upon with some distrust, and its power began to be silently questioned. The fear spread; and Mr. Ganson, the resident engineer, and Mr. Craven, the contractor, were sent for. A warning was conveyed to Damflask and Low Bradfield, and people waited in terror for the coming signal. The navvies laboured on; all hands worked with a will to avert the impending calamity. On investigation, large deep cracks were seen at the top of the embankment, and this was considered of sufficient importance to warrant speedy and determined efforts to let off the water, and so reduce the pressure. The water was turned into the by-wash and down the pipes; but soon after half-past eleven, when the reservoir was still only 5 ft. or 6 ft. from being full, the evidences of danger became more alarming. With a sudden rush, which caused a sound similar to that made by the letting off of large quantities of steam, the water threw down the top part of the embankment, and rolled through the opening with frightful force. As it rushed down the other side to the valley beyond it seemed to lick up the materials of which the embankment was formed, causing it to grow weaker and weaker, till at length it gave way to its entire depth, and the mass of water burst forth with a volume and power utterly overwhelming. The workmen ran away in dismay, and the stream dashed along the valley with fatal force. Hugo rocks, strong trees, bridges, mills which with their heavy machinery seemed completely immovable, and houses were washed away as though they were mere toys. The gap made in the embankment measures at the top from 80 to 100 yards, and at the bottom about 20 yards. Through this opening the overwhelming body of water dashed with terrible impetuosity, and, as it rolled along, the sullen roar was accompanied by a rapid cracking sound which seemed like a continuous discharge of musketry. This was produced by the snapping of the trees, which were carried away and hurled with terrific force against any object that might obstruct their progress.

The bursting of the reservoir, and the engineering difficulties it involves, have excited the attention of the most eminent civil engineers, and Sheffield has just now been honoured with the presence of several. Among the more recent arrivals is that of M. A. Mille, Engineer in Chief of Bridges and Roads to the French Imperial Government, who has been sent over to inspect the broken embankment of the Bradford Dam, and report upon its construction and the cause of its giving way. Mr. Rawlinson, C.E., who is in the town by direction of our own Government, has been joined in his professional labours by Mr. Beadmore.

The cause of the bursting of the reservoir gives rise to much comment. An engineer supplies the following, understood to be an authoritative account of the bursting of the reservoir:—

Knowing something of the conformation of the rocks about Bradford, and having visited the dam since the flood, I venture an opinion, which I think is the right one, of the cause of the disaster. In digging for the foundation of the puddle bank, the contractors of the water company had to contend with great volumes of water issuing through the fissures of the rocky strata underlying the lower part of the valley. Special engine power had to be used to keep down the water, and a labourer somewhere about twelve months was required to cut off the streams and get a tolerably dry bed for the puddle bank to the depth of 60 ft. Having made a good puddle wall, the company built their embankment with the soil from the sides and bottom of the valley above, thus having the strata of the open shelving rock. The puddle wall appears to have been sufficiently thick and strong. Possibly a somewhat broader foundation might have been better; but I do not in the least believe that the mere pressure on the embankment of any amount of water the dam would hold could have damaged it in the least. The complaints made of the friable character of the soil covering the puddle bank and forming the outer portion of the embankment are childish. The real cause of the bursting of the reservoir I take to be this. The rocky bottom and sides of the valley having been bared, the water, in proportion to its quantity and weight, found its way through the fissures of the rock into the courses of the springs which proved such a serious obstacle to the laying of the foundations of the puddle bank. As the pressure became great, the water forced its way on and on until it undermined the foundations of the puddle bank, probably at last splitting it in two, and causing the crack in the top of the embankment. A remarkable circumstance to be taken into account in ascertaining the cause of the flood is that, about nine o'clock in the evening, the water in the dam lowered two feet. This appears to be inexplicable except on the supposition that the water found an inlet into the rocks. The rending away of the outer half of the puddle bank would naturally let down the top of the embankment outwardly, as it was in fact let down; and the water, rushing over the hollow thus made, would carry away the lower part.

### THE DAMAGE.—LIABILITY OF THE WATER COMPANY.

The question of the liability of the Water Company for the damage is exciting great attention. The solicitors appointed to act for the mill and other property owners have taken the opinion of eminent counsel. The opinion is, that the company are unquestionably liable for all "legal" damage to the extent of their capital, but not beyond that. The estimates of damage are so large that many shareholders have feared the capital of the company (£400,000) would not cover the damage, and that their private fortunes would be responsible. The opinion of counsel will, therefore, be a great relief to them on that point. More sober estimates give the damage at considerably less than £400,000; but only the roughest estimates can as yet possibly be made.

### INCIDENTS OF THE CATASTROPHE.

Numerous interesting anecdotes of occurrences in the course of the flood are constantly coming to light. One of the most striking of these is the following:—A labouring man named Wells, who lived in Cotton-walk, Sheffield, was a distance from home getting water-cresses, and his wife had gone out to the station to meet the consignment, with the intention of going out to sell them next morning. She had left sleeping on the ground floor a boy thirteen years old, and his sister, aged three years. Up stairs was an elder sister and three other children. The woman returned to the neighbourhood of her house about one o'clock, and was horrified to find the whole district under water. She remained in an almost frantic state until the waters had partially subsided, scarcely daring to hope that the son and daughter she had left asleep in the lower room could be alive. The other children looked out of the chamber window, but could only report that they had heard their brother and sister scream, and had gone down stairs to see what was amiss, but had been driven back by the water, which had reached a considerable height up the stairs. All hope seemed to be gone, and when at last the almost frantic mother was able to get into the house, it was in the full expectation of finding the corpses of her two children. What was her astonishment and joy to find both son and daughter lying fast asleep on the upper shelf of a wide cupboard, the little girl quite naked, and the boy as nearly so as possible. The boy had awoke when the water began to float the bed about, and screamed out for help. Finding that none could come, and that to reach the foot of the stairs he must go over head in water, he had, with great presence of mind, got upon a chair and lifted his sister into the cupboard, and then climbed to her side.

The wife of a working man living on the margin of the dam says that a gust of wind preceding the accident, which shook her cottage, induced her to look out of the window, and she turned her eyes to the embankment, "where," she said, "it looked just as if white sheets were rolling over." This white foam disappeared when the flood had carved out its own channel, and there succeeded a hoarse roar, loud crashings, hissing sounds, and a general rushing tumult, which seemed to recede as the flood leaped on Sheffield-ward.

Although the meadows bordering the valley were submerged, and the grass rolled flat into the soil, the flood for the first hundred yards or so did not spread materially out of the bed. A torn-up, rugged channel of about fifty yards wide is all that here tells of the direction of the water. By-and-by, however, meeting with slight checks, it appears to have leaped up the banks, uprooted trees, and commenced its work of destruction in earnest. Whole rocks are piled up where the grass grew before, and in several

instances here, as in other parts of the valley, there are trees standing in the ground with the majority of the roots bare and clean. No dwelling-house as yet had been injured, although the flood had "grazed" several. Still, for a little space further, the "track" is indicated by large pieces of rock scattered about, as if a giant had thrown them down in his anger. The stones chiefly are turned up slightly on one end, the higher portion always pointing away from the reservoir. This continues for more than a quarter of a mile, where, from the shape of one of the stones, it is evident it has been carried from the dam itself. Trees are uprooted on every hand, and others are surrounded by piles of stones and rubbish that would have cost a couple of men a week's labour to put there. The branches of some of the trees up to thirty feet high are barked and perfectly white, showing that the flood attained that height at first.

### SCENE AT CORPORATION BRIDGE.

The destruction of bridges was most extensive. Along the whole course of the flood not one is left standing or uninjured. One or two of the more substantial structures in the town itself withstood the rush of waters, but all light fabrics were swept away.

The cast-iron bridge leading from the Crofts to Nursery-street has been entirely demolished, not a vestige remaining. The extreme force of the current at this point may be imagined from the fact that, before reaching the iron bridge, the current had been considerably weakened by first coming in contact with Corporation Bridge. Buttresses, railing, and pavement have all been swept away like mere timber, and carried to an enormous distance down the river. The water dashed over the wall on the Nursery-street side, carrying along with it the stout iron railings and the stones in which they were set. Large masses were driven across the street a distance of eight yards, while others were broken into fragments. The whole of the blocks of stone and railings were completely overthrown, and several gaslamps broken. The buildings on the opposite side of the street were considerably damaged, and will require rebuilding in some instances. The entire front of the Manchester Railway Hotel was broken in, as well as several other erections close by.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

The electors of Paris have again pronounced against the Government. The elections of a few months since are still fresh in the memory of the public, and now, on the occasion of two vacancies for the first and fifth districts of Paris respectively, M. Carnot, the Opposition candidate in the one, and M. Garnier Pages in the other, have been elected by large majorities. The votes recorded in the first district were reported as follow:—M. Carnot, 13,554; M. Pinard, 4979; and M. Laboulay, 704. In the fifth district the result of the vote was:—M. Garnier Pages, 14,807; M. Levi (Government candidate), 6191; M. Bac, 350; and M. Tolain, 380.

The Paris papers are chiefly occupied in discussing the prospects of the conference on Danish affairs and of the future Mexican empire.

### PORTUGAL.

The Government has forwarded a notification to the Austrian Minister at Lisbon to the effect that Austrian vessels with prizes must sail immediately, their remaining in port being illegal.

### HUNGARY.

Accounts from Pesth state that fourteen persons in that city have been arrested, belonging, for the most part, to the upper classes of society and including several officers of Konvets. The cause of this measure was a popular demonstration on the 13th inst. Moreover, M. Bela, formerly a deputy, has been arrested on his property at Besige. It was intended also to arrest M. Podmanisky, formerly Vice-President of the Hungarian Diet, but he was absent from home. Fifteen hundred arms of different kinds have been seized at Ranissa. It is stated also that arms introduced by contraband have been found at Stuhlweissenburg.

### THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

Despatches from the Moldo-Wallachian frontier state that an insurrectionary movement has been organised by Polish emissaries in the Principalities, which it is believed may break out at any moment.

### GREECE.

There has been another change of Ministers at Athens. The lately formed Cabinet resigned in consequence, it is said, of a popular demonstration, and now a new combination has been made, with M. Zaimis at its head. The King was making preparations for a journey through the provinces.

### MEXICO.

According to intelligence from Mexico to the 20th ult., the Franco-Mexican troops were advancing in the province of Zacatecas. The Juarist guerrillas had everywhere been put to flight.

### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

Our advices from New York reach to the 11th inst. Much uncertainty had prevailed as to the position of General Sherman; and, in the absence of official information, most unfavourable reports were circulated. One account, via New Orleans, stated that on the 16th ult. he was defeated near Meridian, with the loss of 15,000 men. This appears to be incorrect, however, as he is positively reported to have returned to Vicksburg. He had penetrated thirty-five miles beyond Meridian, destroying all railroads. He lost 500 men.

The Confederate Generals Magruder and Taylor, with 20,000 men, were reported to be advancing into Eastern Louisiana, from Berwick's Bay.

Admiral Farragut opened fire upon Fort Powell, on Dauphin Island, commanding Grant's Pass Channel to Mobile, at daylight, on the 23rd ult. One Federal gun-boat was sunk. The bombardment was continued on the 25th ult. An impression prevailed that Farragut's fleet was not sufficiently numerous to make an effective demonstration against Mobile, the defences having been found very strong.

Confederate telegrams from Charleston of the 4th report that 1250 Federal shells had been fired at the city during the previous fortnight, but without doing any damage. Blockade-running had been actively resumed, and an average of two vessels weekly had succeeded in reaching the city.

The Confederates, under General Pickett, were again threatening Newbern, Plymouth, and Washington, North Carolina. Four Confederate rams, plated with ten inches of iron and carrying four guns each, were to co-operate with the land forces.

The steamers S. P. Thomas, Titan, and Jollar, plying on Chesapeake Bay, were captured by the Confederates on the 5th inst., and taken up the Rappahannock.

General Meade has been summoned before the War Investigation Committee, in consequence of statements by Generals Sickles and Doubleday that Meade ordered a retreat of the Federal forces on the first day's battle at Gettysburg, and again on the second, which orders only failed to be executed through General Sickles engaging the enemy. Meade is likewise accused of having expressed the opinion that the Confederates could not be conquered.

Admiral Wilkes was also to be subjected to a court-martial for disobedience of orders and insubordination. General Grant had arrived at Washington, and been received by the President, whom he met for the first time. President Lincoln presented General Grant with the commission of Lieutenant-General in the presence of the whole Cabinet. Grant, after visiting the army of the Potomac, returned with Meade to Washington, and left immediately for the West.

An amendment of the Constitution of the State of New York permitting soldiers to vote in camp had been carried throughout the State by a large Republican majority.



Secretary Chase had written a letter urging that his name should not be considered in connection with the presidency. Fremont's friends were more active in advocating his claims for the presidency.

#### THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

The spring campaign is an acknowledged *fiasco*, and, were not people so exceedingly busy in speculating in gold and stocks, would excite, so far as its history is yet known, the indignant reprobation of every honest and sensible man in the country.

One of the four Federal Colonels killed in Kilpatrick's recent raid upon Lee's communications was a son of Admiral Dahlgren. On his dead body were found an address and instructions to the soldiers under his command, which declared that when once they were in Richmond the city must be destroyed and Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet killed. The Northern press declare these orders to be forgeries.

General Kilpatrick, misled by the reports of dishonest or over-sanguine deserters and escaped prisoners from Richmond, took it into his head that he could capture that city by a cavalry coup de main, and make his name illustrious for evermore. He laid a wager at heavy odds with another cavalry officer, General Pleasanton, that he would do it within a fortnight, and, though opposed by every real soldier to whom he submitted his notion, obtained, it would appear, the sanction of the President to try what he could do, with the best wishes of that amiable but most un military Commander-in-Chief that he might "go in and win." He went in accordingly; committed a large amount of ruthless and wanton destruction in the rear of General Lee's army, broke down bridges, burnt cornmills and factories, frightened the women and children and the impotent or bedridden old men in all his line of march; reached the suburbs of Richmond, threw a few harmless shells into the city, and, fearing the capture of his whole command of 6000 horsemen—which would have been the befitting punishment for his foolhardy experiment—rode out of the enemy's lines into those of General Butler, with the loss of four Colonels and 500 soldiers—admitted, but which time, perhaps, will show to have been treble that number. He only escaped by sheer good luck, having accomplished nothing by his raid but the exasperation of the Southern people and the embitterment of all previously existing bad feeling.

Nor has General Sherman's more magnificent raid across the State of Mississippi been attended with happier results. The utmost mystery is preserved with respect to him; but not all the art and efforts of the Government to conceal the unwelcome truth can prevent the diffusion of unfavourable reports to the effect that, less fortunate than General Kilpatrick, he has been defeated in a pitched battle with tremendous loss, and that his army has been virtually annihilated. The division that marched from Chattanooga under General Thomas as far as Tunnel Hill, on the road to Dalton, has, it is rumoured, been not entirely untrustworthy, been forced to retrace its steps and take refuge within its original intrenchments; so that nothing remains of all the great plans of the opening campaign but the presence of Admiral Farragut before the outer defences of Mobile, to repeat, perhaps, after a sufficient lapse of time, the abortive operations of Admiral Dahlgren before Charleston.—*Times' New York Correspondent.*

#### THE WAR IN DENMARK.

##### ATTACK ON DÜPPEL.

The bombardment of Düppel has at last commenced. On Wednesday week the Prussians opened a very heavy fire on the Danish intrenchments, which was successfully replied to by the Danes, who succeeded in silencing two of the Prussian batteries. On Thursday there was a severe engagement along the whole line of the Düppel forts; large masses of Prussians attacked the Danish centre and right wing, under cover of a violent fire from the Broager batteries. Two Danish positions are said to have been taken by the Prussians, after a heroic resistance by the Danes. The Danish loss was far from small, but that of the Prussians is said to have been greater. On Saturday the Prussians renewed the bombardment of the Düppel intrenchments. The fighting was still going on at the date of our last advices.

##### BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICIA.

The bombardment of Fredericia began on Sunday morning, and was kept up during the day. According to the accounts received from the Prussian head-quarters, the shots told very well, and the town was set on fire in several places. The Crown Prince of Prussia was in the field during the day. A reconnaissance in force had been made on the 17th, when some fighting took place, which is thus described in a letter from the Danish head-quarters:—

After some cannonading from both sides, and a brisk engagement between the opposing sharpshooters, the enemy retreated out of range. Danish loss very trifling, although their outposts stood firm for two hours against superior numbers. It was a splendid sight; the weather calm and bright, the whole neighbourhood bathed in sunshine, which lighted up each battery and parapet, making them look almost like our Grand Stand at Epsom. Thousands of spectators crowded every point whence the Prussians could be seen; men and boys, soldiers and townspeople, rushed to the ramparts and gazed eagerly forth. With songs and cheers that might have been heard by their distant enemies, the troops march swiftly into position; everything was ready, and we waited to know what the Prussians would venture to attempt. Little of the battle could be discerned with the naked eye, but through my telescope there was visible a terribly vivid picture of all that happened. Here lay the Danish pickets, crouching behind such scanty shelter as the bare plain afforded. An officer far in front makes some signal, and the first line, jumping up, runs boldly forward. The supports also advance. A few white puffs of smoke break out among the skirmishers. Then a whole volley. They turn and come rapidly back to their former ground, followed slowly by that gallant officer, who stops to light a cigar.

Up to this moment we might have been witnessing a review; indeed, the Brighton downs have seen more smoke and heard a louder noise. But now came creeping forward another line of crackling rifles, and it gave a thrill of interest to see Prussian helmets glancing in whole battalions just beyond that last gentle hillock. Can they be aware of the enemy's proximity?—those Danish skirmishers, I mean, lying so placidly under a ruined wall. Yes, for there goes a poor fellow rolling over, badly wounded, too, and they carry him tenderly away to the rear. A tall German Captain appears above the hillock. Ah! he is knocked down by this Dane, who leans his musket coolly upon the wall! No, the shot has struck a young soldier close behind the captain, and still this last remains erect. Now the Prussians falter—hurrah! our brave skirmishers advance once more. That tall captain waves his sword, and the enemy retires for several minutes. Such a quiet view of a real battle was fearfully impressive. As in Sir Walter Scott's great fiction, where the Jewish maiden watches by Ivanhoe's sick bed, it was worse to look on and report the fight than to share in its dangers. I shut up my glass, and turned away, from too strong an excitement. But presently another larger puff of smoke, a screaming rush across the plain, and the Prussian artillery opens fire. Now an answering roar from Fredericia, as our guns in the camp reply to this somewhat unexpected discharge. Shell after shell is sent by the enemy, and they burst all about the outworks, luckily doing no harm. Of course, the ramparts are speedily deserted by spectators in general, and those who wish still to remain get behind some parapet or crouch low in a favouring bastion. Having discovered the range of their field-guns, and found General Sunding ready for them, the Prussians withdrew in perfect order. Thus ended the most panoramic engagement it is possible to suppose.

##### FREDERICIA AND ITS DEFENCES.

A Correspondent gives the following account of the principal place of strength belonging to the Danes in Jutland:—

Fredericia was founded in the seventeenth century by one of the Danish Kings, Frederick III. I believe, an able and ambitious Prince, who was swayed by Constantinian notions, and fancied he could build on the strait at the entrance of the Little Belt a great city which might rival the glories of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and might become a kind of central metropolis of his kingdom, superseding Roskilde and Elsinore, or even the more modern Copenhagen, as a seat of Government. The spot was not inaptly chosen, inasmuch as the new town rose on the very nearest point where the insular possessions of the Crown of Denmark come in sight of its mainland dependencies, the very point where communication by water can best be kept up under the most inauspicious phases of the long northern winter. Notwithstanding the thousand and one reasons militating in favour of the King's choice, the seed of his future capital seems to have fallen on an ungrateful soil, so that Fredericia—like Washington, Carlsruhe, the Hague, and ever so many residences—stands as an evidence of the powerlessness of Monarchs to gather their subjects round any given spot—as an evidence that towns are born and not made. The desolation of the place as a city is something not to be conceived, and it is not relieved, even at the present moment, by the

thousands of soldiers straggling through its silent thoroughfares, *pari passu* in its squalid quagmires. As a town made to order, Fredericia is, of course, rectangular and rectangular. Hardly two thirds of the area are built over, the houses are low and mean, and look all the lower and meaner on account of the magnificent width of the ill-paved streets. Much of the space is taken up by fields, gardens, and even woods; you would say that half the houses have gone out of town, and the remaining ones, pining for air and longing to follow, have fallen into consumption and are shrinking up to mere mummies; or you would say that the whole town was built of snow, that its tenements on the sunny patches are melted away, and those in the shade have dwindled down to mere mummy heaps, to vanish altogether with the rest before the breath of the first thaw-wind.

A melancholy failure as a city, Fredericia preserves some of its importance as a fortress. The Prince who aspired to create a great city also took care to lay the foundation for a mighty stronghold. The town is all out at sea, an equilateral triangle, with two of its sides on the water, and the third side inland, bending out in an arch, a row of bastions presenting an uninterrupted front, armed with it, is said, no less than 200 cannon. The length of each of the three sides is about the same as the distance across the strait to Strib—i.e., 4000 feet, a little more than two thirds of an English mile. On the extreme point, where the two sides meet at an angle, lies what is called the Kastel and is merely the rough sketch of a citadel. Arsenals and barracks are built there, and there is a strong battery close to the water-edge, commanding the strait; for the rest, the citadel is merely a shapeless mass of unfinished earthworks, save only on the western side a little above the eastern pier, where a good battery turns its pieces northward to sweep the grounds along the coast. At different intervals, as you proceed from the citadel towards the bastions crowning the city from the north-east to south-west, advantage is taken of all bends and turnings in the shore to bar the way by trenches and palisades; the bastions themselves are masses of earth with moats and escarpments, constructed with a solidity rarely equalled, and the cannon mounted on the embrasures are of what was only ten years ago the heaviest and most efficient description. Nearly all the contrivances of defence have been concentrated on this eastern side of the fortress, because it was naturally more vulnerable, and it had very nearly proved fatal to the garrison which defended the place in 1849. Besides the line of bastions, batteries, trenches, ditches, and palisades, calculated to hold the ground inch by inch on the entrance and within the town up to the very furthest point of the citadel, the Danes have this year conducted an intrenched camp along the coast, outside the town on this eastern side, stretching as far as the Trede Western Wood, and flanked on the land side by five bastions. In 1849 the Germans crept along shore from Trede, they advanced upon and occupied the Danish drilling-ground, built their own trenches, and drew their parallels; and, while bringing the town to the greatest straits, they turned also their batteries upon the Sound, and greatly interfered with the free intercourse of the Danes at sea. It was to guard against the repetition of such operations that the Danes posted themselves strongly along shore outside the town, on their old parade-ground, relying upon their intrenched camp both for warding off too close an attack upon their main line, and also for securing the free navigation of the Sound. On the north-western and western side Fredericia till lately relied for her safety first on the marshy ground which extends almost from the immediate neighbourhood of the Kolding-gate to the towns of Erritsø and Stoustrup; then upon a deep line of ravines intersected by small lakes and large swamps, which, from the neighbourhood of Gudsø, run all across the neck of the peninsula as far as the little inlet of Randsford or Little Strand, a branch of the broad bay of Velleford. This outer line was lost, when the Austrians, stealing in through the less diligently guarded defile of Havreballegaard, and making a general onset on the whole extent of the isthmus with overwhelming forces, drove the Danes all the way to their intrenched camp on the north and to and beyond the villages of Erritsø and Stoustrup on the west. On this side, however, Fredericia has little to fear from the enemy's attacks. The lands between the latter-named villages and the city gate are all marshy, and as you near the town you come upon a hill of no great importance, but which, being dammed up at its mouth, causes that inundation (*oversvømmelse*), defending like a great moat the whole line of the western bastions. To the north of these flooded grounds the country lies bare and flat, an easy field for the practice of the cannons of the whole line, and where danger might again arise against the city on the north-east the Danes have provided by their outwork of the intrenched camp.

##### NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

A naval engagement has taken place in the Baltic, near the island of Rügen, between five Danish steamers and two Prussian men-of-war, with some gun-boats. The Prussian version of the affair characterises the action as very sharp, and describes it as resulting in the "withdrawal" of the Prussian ships. The withdrawing Prussians were closely pursued by the Danes, but apparently succeeded in gaining shelter. The loss of the Prussian vessels is represented as very trifling. Some Danish men-of-war have arrived off Eckerförde, on the east coast of Schleswig, and a telegram from Hamburg states that it was feared the Danes contemplated a landing at the former place, and troops were therefore at once dispatched thither. The Danes are evidently determined to maintain the aggressive actively at sea.

The Prussian Commander has sent to Berlin the following account of this affair:—

Swinemünde, March 17, ten o'clock, p.m.

Your Majesty's ships *Arcona* and *Nympe* left Swinemünde to-day for the Dvivenow, and thence for *Arcona*, without encountering Danish cruisers. At half-past one p.m., I sighted seven Danish vessels to the north-east of *Arcona*, and Captain Kühn, who joined me from Thiesow, with the *Loreley*, reported that they were frigates. I ordered the gun-boats to steam under cover of the shore, and attacked the enemy in open order with the *Arcona*, *Nympe*, and *Loreley*. The enemy came on in two lines.

As we neared, it appeared that the enemy's force consisted of a ship of the line, two frigates, two corvettes, and an iron-clad schooner, all screws. At two o'clock our ships opened fire, which was speedily replied to by the Danes, whereupon a running engagement ensued, lasting until five o'clock, the Danes chasing the *Arcona* and *Nympe* as far as Swinemünde. The loss upon these two vessels was five dead and eight wounded, among whom is the chief officer of your Majesty's corvette, Lieutenant Berger, who was badly hit at my side in the beginning of the engagement.

It affords me great honour to inform your Majesty that officers and crews behaved during the engagement with coolness and bravery. I have not yet received any report from the *Loreley*, which has returned to Thiesow. The first division of gun-boats could only take a very small share in the battle, and has probably suffered no loss. The Danish squadron was in every respect superior to ours, but is believed to have suffered equally.

(Signed) JACHMANN, Captain.

The following official report of the engagement has been received by the Minister of Marine at Copenhagen:—

On the afternoon of the 17th inst. the blockading squadron at Greifswald observed two Prussian steam-corvettes and one paddle-steamer steering for the southward. The frigate *Sjælland*, accompanied by the rest of the squadron, made for the Prussian vessels. The engagement was commenced by the *Sjælland*, supported by the *Sjöld* ship of the line. After a fight lasting two hours, the Prussians sailed off to Swinemünde. Six Prussian gun-boats took part in the engagement. The loss on board the *Sjælland* was three killed and nineteen wounded. The Danish ships have not sustained any injury.

##### THE PROPOSED CONFERENCE.

Denmark, it seems, has acceded to the project for a conference, but on terms which, according to several Continental papers, amounts practically to a refusal. Denmark, it is believed, has coupled her assent with conditions, one of which relates to the severance of Schleswig from Holstein, and has thereby rendered it impossible for the project to have any practical effect.

The *Berlingske Tidende* of Copenhagen announced on Tuesday, in a semi-official article, that the Danish Government did not and could not accede to any proposal for a conference which involved either the surrender of Düppel or a suspension of hostilities. The *Austrian Gazette* of Vienna states that Austria and Prussia have accepted the conference proposal without any settled basis of negotiations being laid down. The general impression on the Continent seems to be that it will not be possible to stay the course of the war until the allies have got possession at Düppel and Fredericia. Austria and Prussia have gone too far to stop at any point short of this. Public opinion in Prussia seems already very impatient that so little has yet been done towards the humiliation of the Danes.

##### CONDUCT OF THE ALLIES IN JUTLAND.

A letter from Copenhagen of the 18th inst. says:—Very deplorable reports of the behaviour of the enemy in Jutland have been received here. He is said to act with a ruthlessness, and to have established a system of extortion, hitherto unknown in war between civilised nations. A Jutland landed proprietor arrived here yesterday and deposed to certain facts on oath, which he intends to lay before the King. From his evidence it appears that the Austrians carry off men of education and peasants indiscriminately to the trenches, informing them that they must be prepared for a protracted absence from home, as they will have to throw up intrenchments before Düppel as well as Fredericia. Each man has a piece of ground assigned to him, the weak and unpractised with the spade being forced to labour far into the night to accomplish their task. At night they are shut up in barns, and have dry bread and brandy served out to them in the morning.

A Mr. Crowe, an Englishman, an engineer upon the Jutland Railway, and

son of the English Consul-General at Christiania, has been badly treated by the Austrians in Veile. He was cut across the neck with a sabre, and when he complained of the outrage to General von Gablenz, was told that such accidents were unavoidable in war. Subsequently he was subjected to further ill-treatment, and hauled off to prison on pretext of being a spy, but contrived to escape, and has arrived in Copenhagen.

##### SOCIAL CONDITION OF DENMARK.

A correspondent, writing from the neighbourhood of Fredericia, makes the following remarks on the civilization and material condition of Denmark:—

Five hours' hard steaming in the teeth of a boisterous wind conveyed me from Sonderburg, in Alsens, to Aesens, in Finlen. I slept in the latter place, and posted in the forenoon to Strib, opposite to Fredericia. A walk of three miles along the shore at the entrance to the Little Belt brought me towards evening to Midelfart. The drive from Assens to Strib, along the western coast of Finlen, was rather enjoyable. The aspect of general well-being which strikes the traveller at every step on the Danish mainland becomes more thorough and pleasing as he visits the islands. However bitterly the purely German and the mixed subjects of the Crown of Denmark may complain of absorption and incorporation in the Scandinavian nationality, they cannot deny that civilisation marks the greatest progress where Danish institutions have attained their utmost development, and that such amount of self-government as the duchies have been allowed has only had the effect of leaving them a long distance behind in almost every branch of material improvement. The roads in Finlen and Zealand, as well as in Jutland, are better managed, and free, moreover, from the nuisance of those beggarly *schlagbaums*, or toll-houses, which bar the wayfarer's progress at every second mile wherever German is spoken. The pavement in this little town of Midelfart is infinitely smoother and cleaner than either in Kiel or Flensburg. The farmhouses are snugger and tidier, the hedges are more carefully trimmed; in one word, the pure Danes are about half a century in advance of their Dano-German fellow-subjects in almost everything that constitutes the pride of modern society.

##### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

It is curious, in the strange mixture of races represented in the Austrian army, to find natives of one country fighting in the name of principles which are utterly ignored in their own land. Thus, the Hungarian Hussars, whose advanced post is depicted in our Engraving, are shedding their blood in the north of Europe for "nationality"—a thing which Hungarians at home are not even permitted to mention! It is fortunate that soldiers are not given to reasoning upon the work they do; or the Hungarian and Italian troops of the Kaiser might be apt to draw inconvenient conclusions from the professions of their master in regard to the politics of the north, and to apply those conclusions still more inconveniently on their return—if they ever do return—to the lands that gave them birth in the east and in the south.

A prisoner! It is an awkward plight to be in under any circumstances; but to brave men anxious to fight for their country it is especially galling to fall into the enemy's hands. And such, doubtless, many an honest Dane has felt to be his case since the commencement of the war. Not a few, however, of the prisoners taken by the Austrians and Prussians are not Danes at all, but Germans of the duchies serving in the Danish army, who, if they are not belied, have no objection to find themselves under the charge of Prussian Guards or Austrian Jägers. Indeed, it is alleged that many of these German Danes, if they cannot manage to desert, make a point of having themselves made prisoners. We scarcely think, however, that the prisoners shown in our Illustration belong to the class of men just mentioned, as they do not seem greatly pleased with their position.

But bad as is the plight of the prisoner of war, still worse is that of the wounded soldier, who, jolted along in a rude waggon, without much provision for ease and comfort, or limping on by the aid of a comrade's shoulder, or propping his tottering steps with a stick, is doomed on the way to see the unburied remains of those who have perished in the battle or on the wayside. Enough this, truly, to damp the ardour of the most enthusiastic aspirant for military glory. Such a scene is depicted in our Engraving, representing the arrival of wounded Prussians at Kosel, where hospitals are established, and where, as we showed in a previous Number, many soldiers have already found a grave.

##### IRELAND.

CURIOUS CASE OF CONTEMPT OF COURT.—The rather unusual course of committing a witness for contempt of Court was taken last week by Mr. Justice Ball at the Belfast Assizes. A man named Liddy was examined as to his knowledge of the circumstances of a case under trial, and amongst other questions his Lordship asked him if he was a publican. He replied in the negative, but stated that he was a sinner; and this so offended his Lordship that he reprimanded him. The witness sharply retorted that he could not answer questions he did not understand, adding that he was incapable of doing a mean thing. His Lordship at once made out a warrant, and the Sheriff took the witness to prison.

GAS EXPLOSION IN DUBLIN.—A tremendous explosion occurred at the Alliance Gasworks, in Dublin, on Saturday, about four o'clock. The force of the explosion was so great that the masonry was blown in large quantities into the street, nearly fifty yards distance, and there is scarcely a whole pane of glass left in any of the houses within one hundred yards of the works. The buildings in Cardiff-street have suffered a good deal in this respect, and the brickwork is so much indented with the missiles that it looks as if it had sustained an attack of musketry. A meeting of the directors of the company was held at their works, Sir John Rogerson's Quay, at half-past two o'clock on Monday, for the purpose of making inquiries into the cause of the accident. The directors inspected the premises, and it was found that the damage done did not exceed £500, and that the ordinary lighting of the city, &c., by the company in the evening would not be interfered with. All the machinery, apparatus, and fittings have not been interfered with. Workmen were actively engaged during the day repairing the injury which had been done to the purifying-room, where the explosion took place.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—A man named Philip Hayes was convicted, on Saturday, at the Nenagh Assizes of attempting to murder Mr. Gore Jones, a stipendiary magistrate of the county of Tipperary. The offence was committed on the 3rd of March, 1863, on which day Mr. Jones was fired at from behind a hedge as he was riding along the road. He saw and recognised the prisoner and an accomplice named Grady, who was with him; but the principal evidence was the prisoner's own confession, voluntarily made before a magistrate about three weeks afterwards. From this it appeared that he had no personal enmity towards Mr. Jones, but was hired by Grady to shoot either him or Mr. Trant, or both; and Grady in his turn was employed by a man named Woodcock, who professed to be only the agent of some one in Thurles. Hayes received £1 from Grady and £5 from Woodcock, who also supplied a gun for the purpose.

##### THE PROVINCES.

CLIFTON SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.—The temporary platform for hanging the sets of chains for the western side of the bridge is now nearly completed. The wire ropes on which it is constructed have been successfully shifted from beneath the sets of chains which form the eastern side. A small gangway has been constructed about the centre of the chasm, which connects the platform attached to the chains already hung with the second temporary bridge, and by this means the planks for the platform are conveyed from the piers with comparative ease.

LOCK-OUT OF THE SOUTH YORKSHIRE COLLIERS.—The Association of South Yorkshire Coal Masters, in consequence of the demand of the miners at the Oaks and High Royd collieries for an increase of 10 per cent on their wages, having agreed to set their collieries down, notice was given to their men. That notice expired on Saturday last, so that at the present time there are upwards of 3700 men walking about, depending almost entirely for support on the Miners' Union. From the attitude of both parties there appears every prospect of a struggle of no ordinary severity.

THE DISTRESS IN THE NORTH.—On Monday the weekly meeting of the Central Relief Committee was held in the Townhall, Manchester.—Lord Edward Howard, M.P., in the chair. The report stated that £400 7s. 4d. had been received during the previous fortnight; balance in the bank, £143,103 10s. 1d. Mr. Farnall's report showed that there had been a decrease of 6739 in the number of persons receiving relief in the twenty-seven unions for the week ending March 12 as compared with the week ending Jan. 27. There were 131,180 persons receiving parochial relief on the last day of the first-named week. In the corresponding week of 1861, 43,138 persons were so relieved. The total weekly cost of outdoor relief on the 12th inst. was £8272 14s. 1d.; in the corresponding week of 1861 it was £2315 12s. 8d.; there is, therefore, an increase of £5957 1s. 5d., or 254 per cent. In the corresponding week of 1863 it was £13,624 13s. 7d.; thus the cost of outdoor relief this week is £5351 19s. 6d. less than that of the corresponding week of last year. The secretary stated that he had received a cheque for £20 17s. from Sir Daniel Cooper, of New South Wales—making the total subscription from that colony £22,786 16s. 8d.

THE OLD PARISH CHURCH at Pontfrib Gifford, Wiltshire, in the diocese of Salisbury, near the magnificent abbey there, is about to be taken down and rebuilt. The Marquis of Westminster has undertaken the entire cost of the works, which are estimated at between £2000 and £4000.





THE WAR IN DENMARK: ADVANCED POST OF HUNGARIAN HUSSARS.

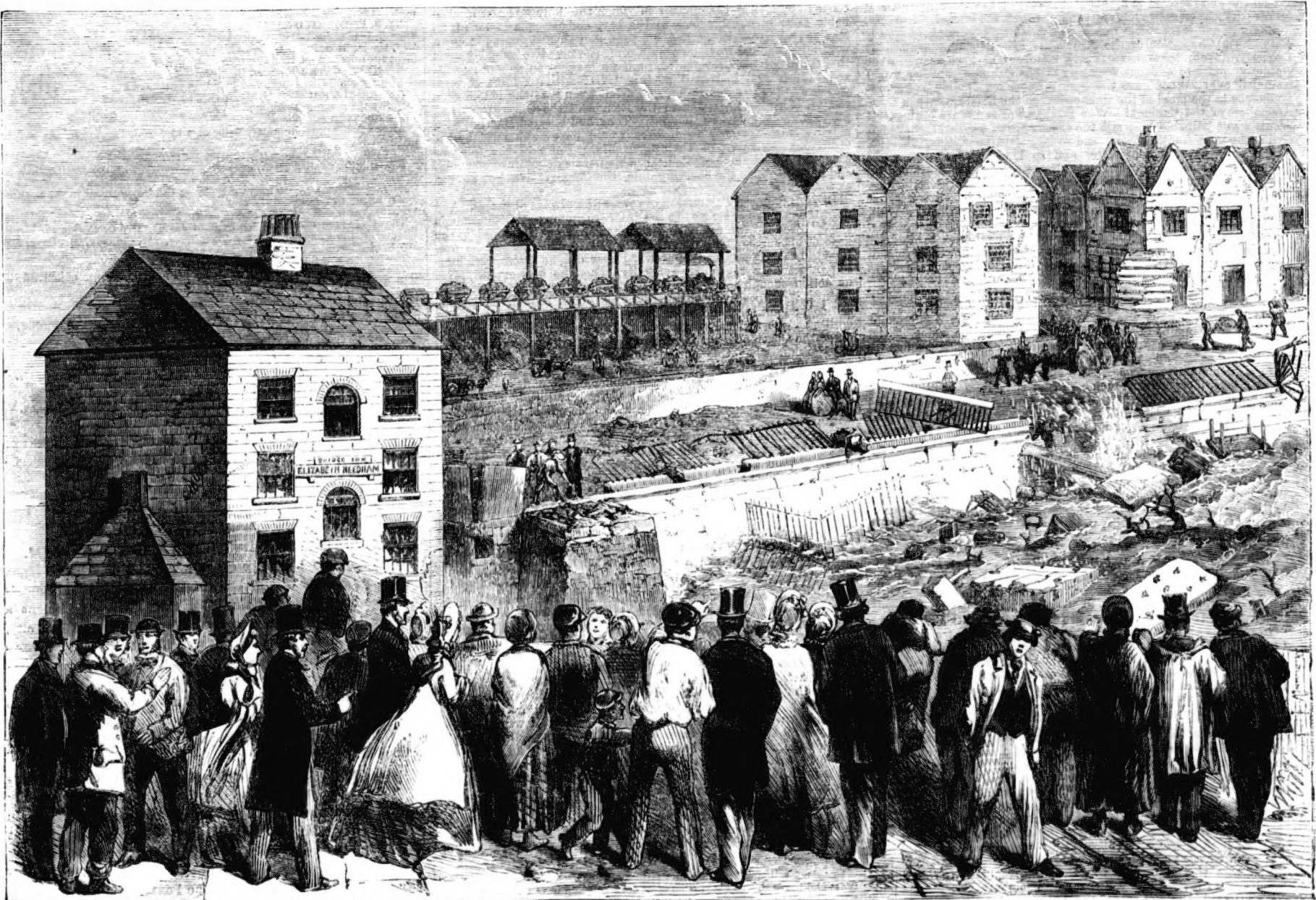


DANISH PRISONERS IN CHARGE OF PRUSSIAN GUARDS.





WOUNDED PRUSSIANS BROUGHT INTO KOSEL.—(FROM SKETCHES BY AUGUSTUS BECK.)—SEE PAGE 195.



THE INUNDATION AT SHEFFIELD: VIEW FROM THE CORPORATION STONE BRIDGE SEP. 1. 61.



## INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 229.

## A FIGHT.

On Thursday in last week Gladstone's Annuities Bill came on again in due course; and then we had a fight. Everybody knew that this was to be the day, and early in the evening quite a crowd of members came down to see the fun. The Conservatives were present in great force. Our Chancellor of the Exchequer is a *bête noir* to them. He has so thrashed their leader, stood so often between them and their hopes, that there was as much joy amongst them in the prospect of some one pitching into him as there was some years ago when the news arrived at the house that our plucky little countryman, Tom Sayers, had licked the American giant. We could perceive, too, that a class of men was down that we seldom see present so early in the evening; nor, indeed, at any time except when they are sent for, or when some fun is afoot. On Thursday night, then, the ring was picked and the combatants were present; neither of them looking very pleasant, as we thought. Gladstone looked, as it seemed to us, mortified. And no wonder, for this was not a nice affair for a leading member of her Majesty's Cabinet to be engaged in. A good party fight, now, one that taxes all his powers, and when the stake is some important measure, or the fate of his Government, he rather likes; but a miserable squabble like this, in which defeat would be unpleasant and victory bring him no reward, might well be exceedingly distasteful to him. And then, again, who was his antagonist? Why, not one of his old foes, but a member of his own party; one, too, who generally supports the Government. This was not pleasant to think of. Mr. Sheridan was evidently excited and angry, as well he might be. He had been pilloried before the world; his reputation had been assailed so bitterly that his very position in the house might be endangered. At all events, unless he could clear himself from this slander, he never could feel comfortable here again. But, with all this anger, there was evidently stern resolution at work as well; and it was quite clear to all who know Mr. Sheridan that this would be a fight *à l'outrance*, and that, if he did not clear himself, he would at least maul his opponent. Gladstone was first upon the stage, of course, as he had to reply to what his opponent had said on a former night, and, truth to say, he began very calmly and cautiously—simply reiterating what he had uttered before, and giving the honourable member for Dudley's replies and his own comments thereupon. But he was not to be allowed to go on thus calmly long. Mr. Sheridan was armed at all points, and sat watching his foe, and every now and then sprang upon him like a tiger. "I made no such statement as that," he cried out when Gladstone was quoting the hon. member's reply; and again, "My words were not as the right hon. gentleman quotes them!" and once more, "I never made such a statement as that;" and thus several times he sprang at the Chancellor, pinned him down for the time, and made him retract or qualify his remarks, the Conservative gentlemen cheering him uproariously, as much as to say, "Go it Sheridan; pitch into him!" But these interruptions could not be long allowed. They were clearly contrary to rule, and soon the sonorous "Order, order!" of the Speaker, calling forth general cries of "Order, order!" from Gladstone's friends, was heard, and the member for Dudley was obliged to swallow his anger as well as he could and allow his opponent to go on his own way. In the course of half an hour the Chancellor of the Exchequer finished his speech, and then Mr. Sheridan promptly sprang to his feet. At first he was analytical and argumentative, disputing the statements of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and replying to his arguments. And this he certainly did very cleverly, with all the ease and subtlety of a practised lawyer. But he soon left this line, and began the *tu quoque*. "They that live in glass houses should take care not to throw stones," he said, "or they may have some big stones thrown into theirs." And he certainly did pitch some very big stones into Gladstone's house, or, perhaps we should rather say, into the glass houses of the Chancellor's friends. "Why am I to be selected out in this way?" the hon. gentleman said, in effect. "There is that European Society, the proceedings of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has denounced as wholesale robbery; but does he not know that the president of that society was the President of the Board of Trade?" Here was a big stone. Crash, crash it seemed to go; and how the glass seemed to fly about the ears of the Government, and how the Conservative cheers rang through the house! But Mr. Sheridan had more stones in his pocket. There is another society which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had denounced—a benefit society. Well, there were twelve members of Parliament in the society and two eminent members of the Cabinet. "Why was I singled out? What gave the hon. member for Dudley more prominence in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer than those members of the Cabinet? Was it that fire assurance business?" This was a palpable hit; and the Conservative gentlemen hailed it with the most frantic cheers, and so long continued, that it seemed as if they never would cease, and so loud, that the strangers lounging in the lobby rushed to the front of the door and stood on tiptoe to find out what could have happened to cause such excitement. But there was still another stone left. "There is a society at Liverpool which was alluded to by the right hon. gentleman. Well, on the list of officers of that society I find the name of Mr. Robertson Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's brother." This was the biggest stone of all, and with the fall of that we will leave our sketch of this night's proceedings. No conclusion was come to that night.

## FIGHT RENEWED AND FINISHED.

On Friday the fight was again renewed. Sir John Hay brought the matter up again, intending to move a resolution which looked very much like a censure upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer for not having offered an apology to Mr. Sheridan. But the House got into a dilemma here. The Speaker thought that this motion was in order; several experienced members said that it was not; and, in our opinion, these experienced members were right. We cannot, however, discuss the subject here. Mr. Gladstone got up and extricated the House from its predicament, and wiped up the disagreeable mess in the usual Parliamentary way. "If the hon. member for Dudley says so and so, &c., then I am ready to withdraw my charge," and so forth. And, as all had become heartily weary of the business, this opportunity was eagerly seized, the fight ended, and the combatants left the stage, the result of the battle being that which is so often the result of combats, whether with swords or words—viz., "as you were!" or, in diplomatic phrase, the *status in quo ante*.

## A GRANDER BATTLE.

We must now hark back again to Thursday night. The fun being over and dinner-time drawing on, most of the members rose and sped away, leaving some fifty or sixty men behind to work. The matter in hand was, as we have said, the Annuity Bill, and for several hours a dull torpor reigned, which contrasted strangely with the fierce excitement which had just prevailed. But at ten o'clock we saw another sight; for then again the members poured down from their homes and the clubs in great numbers, and shortly after ten the Annuities Bill was indignantly pushed out of the way, and

The war, which for a space had failed,  
Now trebly thundered in the gale.

It was not now, though, a duel, but a general battle, a pitched fight between the Government and the Opposition, and the *casus belli* was the Stansfeld-Mazzini matter, which had twice before been under our notice, and was now to be settled by an appeal to our *ultima ratio*—a division. In short, there was to be a party struggle, the object of the Conservatives—the attacking party—being to oust the Government, or, at all events, to damage it, by forcing it to sacrifice Mr. Stansfeld. The central figure, then, in this row was the Civil Lord of the Admiralty. "Give up Stansfeld! Turn him out of the Government!" was the cry of the furious Conservatives. "Take him if you can!" was the stern reply of the dauntless Premier. "I invited this young man to join my Government; he has worked hard, and done the State good service; and, this charge against him—which I think he has satisfactorily explained—notwithstanding, I will not give him up." "Won't

you?" was the answer, "then we must try to make you;" and thus the fight began, and for two hours and more we had a tornado in the house, the like of which has not been seen in our time, nor for many a day before. Readers of the debates may have discerned that there was a row; but reports of debates can give but a faint idea of what actually occurred; nor can we, for that matter, suffice it to say, that the wildest excitement prevailed; the fountains of the great deep of men's passions for the time seemed to be broken up, and round the head of the Civil Lord such a tornado whirled for two hours and more that it seemed as if he must be, all the powerful aid of the gallant Premier notwithstanding, taken up and swept off the political stage for ever.

## THE LEADER'S CLOAK.

The leader in this attack was a certain Sir Henry Stracey. He is not much known, we should suppose, to our readers, nor is it necessary that he should be more known, for, in reality, he was not the true leader. Disraeli was present, and he was Commander-in-Chief. Sir Henry was only "Commander's cloak." "It is not fitting that I (Disraeli) should ostensibly lead the attack. If I were to appear at the head of the movement, the enemy would be alarmed, and prepared. You must lead, and I will second you, and thus we may take the Ministry by surprise, and steal a triumph." Of Sir Henry Stracey, then, and his performance, we need say but little, no more than this:—He is of Norfolk—Conservative member for Yarmouth, and came into Parliament in 1859. In figure and appearance Sir Henry is remarkable. He is very tall; has a long countenance, exceedingly red, adorned by a long and somewhat ragged beard and fierce moustache. This is Sir Henry Stracey, the leader, or leader's cloak, in this fight. His speech we need not notice at any length. It was not lengthy, but very angry, containing charges against Mazzini which have long since been exploded, and others which are not sustained by the slightest evidence. However, it answered the purpose.

## MR. STANSFELD.

After Sir Henry came Mr. Stansfeld. The hon. gentleman looked, under the gaslight, pale, and, as one might easily perceive when he opened his lips, he was very nervous. This is surely not surprising considering that he was on his trial; that twice three hundred eyes were transfixing him; twice three hundred ears open to catch every word that he said; that nearly two hundred enemies, lively and powerful if not malignant, were before him; and that in a few hours every word that he should say would be read in every corner of the land, and in a few days in every part of the civilised world. The hon. member, however, did his work very well. He had a plain statement to make, and, unexcited by the cheers of his friends and undaunted by the sneers of his foes, he calmly and perspicuously made it; and then, without comment upon his statement or appeal to friends or foes, sat down. For what he said, if any of our readers know not and care to know, they must go to the daily papers.

And now time and space warn us that we must abridge. We cannot notice the angry diatribe of Lord Harry Vane—that Lord Harry Vane whose family is famous, viz., because it has produced a conspirator. Nor can we notice at length Lord Henry Lennox's affected alarm and feeble eloquence, nor Mr. Peter Taylor's generous and outspoken defence of his friend Mazzini, and his other friend now on trial, but must come at once to Lord Palmerston.

## PALMERSTON.—DISRAELI.

Our readers, no doubt, have often heard rumours and read reports of the failing health and strength of the noble Premier. Well, they should have seen and heard him on this memorable night. Not since the year 1858, when he had to fight for the existence of his Government, have we heard him speak with such energy or seen him display such physical power. Indeed, his energy, and action, and physical emphasis, if we may so call it, when we consider how old he is, we felt at times to be alarming. When he thundered out, for instance, his answer to the question whether he had communicated upon this subject with the Government of France. "The hon. Baronet" (Sir Henry Stracey), said the noble Lord, "asked whether her Majesty's Government has had any communication with the Government of France—I answer, NO!" Words cannot convey any idea of the manner in which this reply was given. The noble Lord turned his face to the bar, and, stepping forward, he stamped with his foot, lifted his arm, and then, bringing it down with all his force, as if he would press the negative indelibly upon the minds of his hearers—or, perhaps, hurl it in defiance at the heads of his foes—he roared out this "NO" with a volume of voice which was truly astonishing, and dwelt upon it to the length of a semibreve at least. Hitherto the friends of the Government had been rather languid, we thought. They had cheered, but not with a will—seemed rather as if they would be overwhelmed by the vociferous onslaught of their opponents. But now the tide was turned. A vast cheer greeted the noble Lord's determined standing, and henceforth, in the cheering line, the Conservatives got as good as they gave.

Disraeli followed Palmerston of course; he always does this. And now the excitement rose to its highest pitch; "Commander's Cloak" was thrown aside, and Commander himself stepped to the head of his force. Nor did Disraeli fail to add fuel to the fire. Fuel to fire! He was fire himself. Never did he before work himself into such a rage. He generally, when he gets excited, gives us action enough; but now this action was outrageous, and his features were positively distorted by passion. Indeed, he lost his self-control entirely, and even the command of his language; and whilst he was furiously denouncing assassination, he himself murdered the Queen's English. He was speaking of the correspondence of Mazzini, when this curious blunder happened:—"He (Mr. Stansfeld)," said the right hon. gentleman, "does not deny that his house in Thurloe-square was the medium for communication between Mazzini and his correspondents." "What correspondents?" interpellated Mr. Stansfeld, who sat on the other side of the table, and within three or four yards of Disraeli. "What correspondents!" replied Disraeli, darting forward, and stretching himself as far as he could across the table, shaking his clenched fist while at his interrupter, "What correspondents? I suspect that you know what correspondents better than me." Fierce defiant cheers broke out from the Conservatives, and drowned the titter which had begun on the opposite side; and Disraeli turned round again to the House, and proceeded—"What correspondents? why, the assassins of Europe! What correspondents? why"—but we cannot report further. Excited by the fierce language and passionate gestures of their leader, the Opposition were now at a white heat.

## MR. BRIGHT.

After Disraeli came Mr. Bright. We had seen him in his place, saw that he was taking notes, and wondered what he was going to do; for Bright does not love the Government, we know, and we suspected that he had not stopped till one o'clock in the morning to defend that; and as to Mr. Stansfeld, it was no secret that the honourable member for Birmingham had not approved of Mr. Stansfeld's taking office, and, further, had no sympathy with him in the matter of his friendship with Mazzini. What will he do, then? We were left somewhat in doubt till he rose. We have shown what a tornado raged whilst Disraeli was speaking. Well, Bright rose, and, remarkable to relate, straightway there was a calm, or comparatively so, in a moment. And how marvelously well he spoke! At once he lifted the subject out of the dust which this commotion had raised, brought the House back to the real question at issue, and proceeded to discuss it in all its bearings with calmness, moderation, and impartiality, and, at the same time, with a high-toned sense of justice and generosity, which, in the opinion of every unprejudiced man, did him infinite honour. Again we say we cannot report, but we must give the peroration of this noble speech. Here it is, literally reported:—

I need not tell you that I am no partisan of the Government; I never have been, and never since a short time after its formation have I looked forward with dismay to its dissolution; but if I was as hungry as the hungriest to place myself on the Treasury bench, I should be ashamed to make my way to it over the character, the reputation, and the future of the latest appointed and youngest member of the Government.

## THE VICTORY.

Now we must close. Indeed, there is not much more to relate about the night's proceedings. The small hours had set in long ago, when the division-bells rang. There was great anxiety to know which side would win. The Liberal whips were ominously silent. Let us watch from our observatory. See! the Opposition members are all in; the Government people are still coming in; that looks as if the Government would win; but it is not a safe test, for one division-clerk may be more expert than another. Ah! here comes Mr. Brand, the Government teller, and he is delivering his numbers. He takes the paper to read the report, and by this, as well as the tumultuous cheering of the Liberals, we know that their side has won. Yes—"Ayes, to the right, 171; Noes, to the left, 161," majority, 10—small, but sufficient.

## Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

## THE DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.

Earl RUSSELL appealed to the Earl of Ellenborough to postpone his motion on Denmark, as negotiations were still proceeding, and discussion at this moment would be detrimental to the public service.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH assented.

## FEDERAL RECRUITING IN IRELAND.

The Marquis of CLANRICHAUD called attention to the recruiting of sailors for the Federal corvette Kearsage, at Cork, and contrasted the leniency of the Government in that case with the severe measures inflicted upon the parties who, in 1855, were charged with assisting British subjects to leave America for the purpose of enlisting in the British Army.

Earl RUSSELL said that the Government had not been neglectful of their duty, and adduced in proof that they had prosecuted in a case where the accused had pleaded guilty.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S TERRITORY.

In reply to Sir E. Grogan, Mr. C. FORTESCUE said the right of the Hudson's Bay Company over the district between Lake Superior and British Columbia was valid. The Colonial Office was in communication with the company with a view to the transference of these territories to the Crown.

## THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND MR. SHERIDAN.

Sir J. HAY asked permission to move, as a question of privilege, "That the House saw with regret that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had not considered it his duty, after the explanation given the preceding night, to withdraw the imputation he had cast on the hon. member for Dudley."

A conversation ensued with regard to the most convenient method of proceeding, which led to mutual explanations being offered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. H. Sheridan, after which the subject dropped.

## MR. STANSFELD AND MAZZINI.

Lord ELCHO, referring to the debate of the previous night on the connection between Mr. Stansfeld and Mazzini, asked whether Mr. Stansfeld had tendered his resignation to the Government.

Lord PALMERSTON said he had, as soon as the matter was first mentioned. He (Lord Palmerston) declined to accept it, and was willing to take the entire responsibility of his decision.

Mr. W. E. DUNCOMBE and Alderman ROSE expressed surprise at the decision of the noble Lord.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER regretted that the subject had been renewed. He was persuaded that the House would not be parties to turning the hon. gentleman out of office on the grounds brought forward.

After some words from Sir J. WALSH and Mr. HALIBURTON, Mr. HENLEY said that it was very much to be regretted that Mr. Stansfeld had not at first stated that he allowed Mazzini's letters to be addressed to his house. Nobody believed that the hon. gentleman was an accomplice in any proposal to murder. As it was, it seemed to him that the Premier was a party to keeping the facts back.

Mr. LAYARD briefly defended Mr. Stansfeld.

Mr. OSBORNE took the Opposition to task for the part they had taken in the matter. Hon. gentlemen talked much of the painful character of the subject under discussion; but in his Parliamentary experience he had always observed that the subjects which seemed to give most pleasure to hon. members were the class of topics which it was the practice to describe as painful ones. In fact, painful subjects brought more to the House than any other. Hon. gentlemen opposite had all dwelt upon the painfulness of the subject, but that painful subject seemed to yield them a very lively sense of pleasure, for they seemed never tired of recurring to it. He (Mr. Osborne) did not think the office Mr. Stansfeld held was worthy of his talents; and he should advise him to resign it, as he was sure to come back to the Treasury benches as the occupant of a higher and more honourable post.

Mr. S. FITZGERALD said the answer of the Premier had put a new appearance on the matter not creditable to the Government. They had now to do with the position of the noble Lord, who had not removed from his Government the imputations that had been cast upon it.

Mr. NEWDEGATE deprecated these discussions. There were members on the Opposition benches who had justified the acts of the brigands in Italy.

Mr. D. GRIFFITH asked if Mr. Stansfeld was in order in voting in the majority the previous evening?

The SPEAKER said he was.

After a few words from Mr. Denman and Sir J. Fergusson, the matter dropped.

## THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

Mr. GREGORY called attention to the demolition of the fortifications at Corfu, and moved for papers. He denounced the demolition of the fortifications, and condemned generally the policy of the Government in the East.

Mr. SMOLLETT seconded the motion.

Mr. LAYARD defended the Government.

The debate was continued by Captain Jervis, Mr. C. Fortescue, Mr. S. Fitzgerald, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Childers, Mr. Cave, and Mr. D. Griffith.

The motion was finally withdrawn.

The other business was then disposed of, and the House adjourned till Monday, the 4th of April.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

## THE JUSTICES AND THE LICENSING SYSTEM.

If it were to be proposed as a new thing, that a large, numerous, and respectable body of Englishmen should undertake onerous duties, requiring for their proper fulfilment a technical education upon a basis of great natural capacity, that the labours consequent upon such duties should involve much confinement to the sedentary position, should be undertaken gratuitously, and, so far from being rewarded with the thanks of the community, should never be made notorious beyond the narrowest limits, except to found just reprehension and popular condemnation, the proposition might well appear ridiculous.

But, however ludicrous, the system which we have outlined is so far from being impracticable that it is actually carried out in the case of our unpaid magistracy. A certain amount of wealth, of local influence—nay, even of that kind of impressive presence of which a white head and a black coat form the principal elements—are all required as qualifications for the post of Justice of the Peace. The possessor may be so ignorant of law as to be compelled to rely upon the assistance of an attorney as his clerk to enable him to distinguish between burglary and housebreaking, between man-



slaughter and murder. He may be so wretchedly illogical and uneducated that, like the Justice against whose appointment an indignation meeting of the inhabitants of a provincial city was lately held, he cannot utter a sentence without exciting the derision of his hearers. He may be obstinately cruel, and sentence children to the stocks for playing at marbles, labourers to imprisonment for leaving work to see the Queen pass, and starving creatures to hard labour for pulling turnips. All these things have been done by men of his class, and have long ceased to be regarded as exceptional.

Perhaps, in few matters are the evils of the unpaid-magistracy system more strikingly exemplified than in the powers exercised by the Justices as to the granting of licenses. A certain Act of Parliament has intrusted to the justices of the peace the decision as to the fitness of houses proposed to be licensed as taverns, and also of the persons applying to be permitted to keep the same. This Act the justices have most unwarrantably strained into an authority to them to sustain monopolies of the tavern trade in particular districts. They interpret the statute as conferring upon them not so much the power and duty of granting as the privilege of withholding licenses. Not only do they act upon this presumption, but practically they declare themselves free from all duty of consideration in such cases. They decide arbitrarily, and without deigning to do that without which no other judicial authority in the realm—from the County Court Judge to the Lord Chancellor—ever ventures to pass judgment in a cause. They announce no grounds for their decisions, but decide according to their own will and pleasure.

Besides this, it is pretty generally known that the Courts which they hold for the argument of license questions are the shallowest farce. All the petitions on one side or the other—the urgent eloquence of counsel and solicitors—the examination and cross-examination of witnesses—come to nothing. The real business is done behind the scenes, it may be, weeks before the cases come into Court. The public part of the business is a mere blind; it is judicious "ear-wiggling" which really carries the day. So well is this known that, perhaps, of the whole crowd which fills the reeking hall upon a "licensing day" there will probably be not ten men who cannot recount stories which would show the iniquitous absurdity of the system better than we could do in a column of argument.

An applicant has made a bargain with an Eminent Brewer, by which he (the applicant) is to sell his establishment for a large sum if a license be granted this year—if not, for a comparatively small amount. The license is refused. The Eminent Brewer, who is himself a Justice, or the partner or brother of a Justice, is not on the bench, so, of course, there can be no partiality on his side. He buys the premises at the lower rate, and next year he gets the license to a certainty.

There is an appeal, to be sure; but the appeal is only to the Quarter Sessions, and there it stops. The magistrates against whose decision the appeal is lodged are, it is true, precluded from giving judgment on the appeal against themselves. But a whole batch of appeals is brought forward, and every magistrate has his voice upon the appeal against the judgments of his brethren. Of course, appeals are to be discouraged as a rule; and there is no better plan of bringing about this desirable end than a little quiet understanding among the occupants of the bench. The great question as to the right to interpret the Licensing Act in restriction of trade is never brought forward; for not even a counsel on the original hearing would venture to hint a doubt as to the prerogative of the Court, unless he were prepared, not only to lose his case hopelessly, but to suffer his client's just reproaches for his imprudence.

Within the brief limits allowed by the exigencies of this paper, it is scarcely possible for us to enter at present deeper into this matter, which is one of no small importance, not only to trade but to public interests. We only refer to the subject because it has not as yet met with its due attention elsewhere, and we are content to indicate the source and direction of grievances respecting which strange and startling facts may be learned by any who may hereafter choose to pursue investigations upon the matter.

#### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES held the first Drawingroom of the season at St. James's Palace on Saturday last. The reception was attended by a great number of ladies, but less crowding and inconvenience was experienced than on similar occasions heretofore.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, who has not been well for some time past, was seized on Saturday last with very alarming symptoms. His Grace, however, is now much better, though still weak.

GENERAL GARIBALDI is about to visit England, and, it is expected, will arrive in a few days. It is proposed to give him a public reception.

THE PARIS *Moniteur* contradicts a report which it seems had been in circulation, that a new plot against the life of Napoleon III. had been discovered.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA has subscribed 500 thalers for the poor people in Schleswig suffering from the war. 1000 thalers have been contributed for the same purpose by the Duke of Augustenburg.

MISS WATERS, daughter of Mr. Joseph Waters, of Sand, Somersetshire, has been appointed head nurse to the young Prince Victor Albert.

THE GOVERNMENT CONTRACT with the Galway Steam-packet Company has been suspended. It is said that the company's steamers are for sale.

THE RUMOUR FROM HAMBURG that Prince Frederick of Augustenburg was dead was a pure invention.

A SEA-WALL 150 yards in length is about to be erected at Llandudno.

THE LATE NEWMAN SMITH, ESQ., has left the National Life-boat Institution a legacy of £50.

THE MURDERER TOWNLEY has been put to the trade of a weaver in Pentonville Model Prison.

A TURF CLUB OF WESTERN INDIA has been formed in Bombay.

MR. PAUL BEDFORD, the comedian, is writing memoirs of his life.

THE POPE is reported to be considerably better. An operation has been performed which has considerably relieved him, and he subsequently received the French Ambassador, with whom he was able to have a long conversation.

SIR ARTHUR ELTON, who some time since offered himself as a candidate for the representation of East Somerset on the first vacancy, has now addressed a letter to the electors intimating that he does not now intend to come forward.

THE PARIS PAPERS announce that a Mexican loan for 200,000,000 francs has been concluded with the firm of Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co., of London. The loan is to bear interest at 6 per cent, and will be issued at 65.

THE BARQUE Saxon is to be surrendered by the Federal authorities, Judge Betts being about to give a decision which will lead to that result.

PRINCE JOHN OF GLUCKSBURG, the youngest brother of the King of Denmark, who arrived in London on the 8th inst. on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and to act as sponsor for the King of Denmark at the christening of His Majesty's grandson, Prince Albert Victor, left Marlborough House on Tuesday evening on his return to Denmark.

THE GREAT NEWMARKET TRESPASS CASE, "The Earl of Coventry and others v. Willes," which involved the right of the Jockey Club to exclude whom they pleased from the Newmarket course, was tried at Cambridge Assizes on Tuesday last, when the jury found for the plaintiffs, with 1s. damages.

A MARRIED WOMAN, named Devenish, the wife of a gardener at Broomfield, Essex, is in custody on the charge of having burnt to death her newly-born child.

A DECISION has been given in the Small Cause Court of Bombay recognising the exemption of native Princes from liability to the jurisdiction of British Courts, even when they are residing in British territory.

AT EDMONTON A WOMAN, a stranger to the village, and who occasionally earned a little money by dressmaking, a few days ago shut herself up in a room which she occupied and slowly starved herself to death.

A CARRIAGE "SHUNTER" at the Pancras station of the Great Northern Railway was knocked down and killed on Saturday morning, his body being frightfully mutilated.

POLITICAL DISTURBANCES have taken place in Stockholm, and the military had to be called out to quell the riot. Several persons were arrested.

AN EXPLOSION occurred in the military magazine at Quebec on the 4th inst., by which it is feared ten or twelve soldiers were killed.

THE COMMERCE OF GERMANY is in a very disturbed state at present. In every direction business is suspended, and particularly in two towns, Hamburg and Bremen, which suffer exceedingly.

M. FOULD, the French Finance Minister, whose health is greatly shaken, does not retire, as was reported; he only takes a long holiday, after the passing of the Budget, on the persuasion of the Emperor, and goes to Madeira for a considerable period.

A WILD CAT was shot in the Port Blair Forest, Inverness-shire, the other day, which measured three feet ten inches in length, and weighed twelve pounds seven ounces.

THE FEES received by the registering office of copyrights at Stationers' Hall average about £436 a year. In the year 1863 he registered 1534 British books, 818 foreign books, and 3611 works of art. The number of assignments registered in the year was 132.

#### THE LOUNGER AT THE STUDIOS.

WHEN you and I, reader, were children, was there any greater treat than a peep into the room where the preparations for the coming party might be seen? How grateful we were to Betty if she but opened the door ever so little to afford us a glimpse! I hope the public will be as grateful for a faint adumbration of the treat in store for them when the Royal Academy opens its doors in May.

It is very delightful, these bright spring mornings, to wander among the studios. What delightful places they are—full of old armour and dark oak, peasecocks' plumes and rich brocade! We loungers are privileged to see things veiled from the public in these nooks and corners of the art-world: the quaint caricatures sketched in charcoal; the sketches for pictures that will never be painted; the paintings that the world will never see. We see the "paint-casket," with its humorous history of the four-and-twenty blackbirds with which one artist has enriched his studio. In another studio we find a golden-haired darling sitting for the little girl in "papa's" picture, or the young artist's young wife, attired in some old-fashioned robe, inspiring her husband's pencil as she inspires his life with great aspirations and a love of all that is good. And the gossip is so delightful, and the aroma of pipes and cigarettes is so rich, and all the accessories so agreeable, that a stroll in the studios is a real holiday in this workaday world. It is an excursion into the world of Art—which lies on the borders of Heaven and fairyland—and the Past.

From what I can see and learn, the next exhibition of the Royal Academy promises to be a good one. Sir Edwin Landseer is to be represented there. The aristocracy of the animal kingdom will look forward to the appearance of his pictures with a curiosity not unmixed with individual hopes for a niche in them. Mr. Machise is to send the "Meeting of Richard Cour de Lion with Robin Hood," from Ivanhoe. Mr. Leighton sends four pictures—"The Painter's Honeymoon" (there is poetry in this subject which such an artist cannot miss); "Orpheus and Eurydice," a Venetian sketch; and "Dante in Verona," showing how the sensitive poet writhed at the slights of a superficial world.

Mr. Millais sends several paintings; one, it is whispered, is a continuation of "My First Sermon," showing the result of a three hours' discourse of soporific tendencies. What will the Bishop of London say to that? I hear there is some doubt as to our seeing the promised "Aaron and Hur upholding the hands of Moses." Mr. Ward is too busy at the Houses of Parliament to contribute this year, though I have heard it rumoured that his "Thackeray in his Study" is to be shown. A photograph of this subject is already in the shop-windows, so, perhaps, this will be a bar to its exhibition at the Academy. Mrs. Ward, however, will certainly be an exhibitor, the subject she has chosen being a touching one—"The Princess in the Tower"—and, what is of some moment, from a new point of view. One of the little captives has only just been brought into the gloomy prison out of the sunshine and free air to his brother, who has been within the gloomy walls long enough to show the effect of the confinement.

There is plenty of subject in the line, from the popular Scottish song, "Auld Robin Grey,"

He was father, and mother, and a' things to me.

This is the line Mr. Faed has selected for illustration this year, and he will no doubt tell all the story of it in his vigorous style.

Will Mr. Pettie's "George Fox refusing to take the oath" be exhibited? I hope so, for "the time and place" at the British Institution should be repeated, the "time" being May, and the "place" Trafalgar-square.

Mr. Sant will contribute largely. I trust he will have finished a very charming composition of three children bearing flags and water-lilies by the border of a lake. "Dick Whittington" listening eagerly to the story of the bells; and portraits of Lord Raglan's son, of Lord Braybrooke's hazel-eyed little girl, and of the late Lord Herbert's daughter, who has inherited the sweet expression of a great and good man, will be seen in May, beyond doubt.

Good Queen Bess at Purfleet waving her white kerchief to her gallant little fleet going out to meet the Armada supplies Mr. Hodgson with a subject. The maiden Queen is surrounded by the worthies of her Court, and we see the fine face of Raleigh and the grave countenance of Burleigh in the group.

Mr. Marks has two pictures on the road to completion. A wee, white-capped debutante in the begging profession asking alms of a surly baker of the sixteenth century for her grandfather, who—combination of miseries!—is blind and plays on the flageolet, is the larger of the two; but I suspect the other will be more popular—grandam listening attentively to the service in church while little graceless is all in a fidget, and yet longing to go to sleep.

The funeral of John Hampden employs the brush of Mr. Calderon. It is a noble subject, and one which, as will be generally acknowledged, is certain of proper treatment in his hands.

Mr. Yeames has made a capital selection. He paints Charles the First's Queen hiding in a snowy ditch after her landing on the Yorkshire coast on her return from Holland. If the hanging committee are only a little fair to this painting we prophesy it will attract considerable attention. A new reading—but the right one—of "Non Angli sed Angeli" is one of Mr. Leslie's pictures; the other being "The Bargeman's Baby," a scene on the Thames at Pangbourne. Mr. Morten paints on an ambitious theme—*Marshal de Retz, refusing to join in the projected massacre of the Huguenots, breaks his sword before the King, saying, "God forbid I should give my assent to any design so perfidious, and so fatal to the honour of France and the repute of my King."* The summer evenings of Arcadie, as described by Longfellow, supply a peaceful subject for Mr. Wyburd's brush; and Mr. Hayes will transport his spectators

to the tumbling sea off Boulogne Harbour, where the Dutch boats are beating out.

Mr. Watson is to send but one painting, a young lady "Armed for Conquest."

Mr. Marcus Stone's subject appeals to a wide range of feeling. Peaceful industry and feverish idleness are contrasted in a group of woodcutting peasants and a ragged deserter marched by under escort and followed by his sorrowing mother.

"The Last Night spent by the Saviour in His home at Nazareth" is one of Mr. Fisk's pictures—a subject full of suggestive thought. His second painting represents "A Puritan Family protecting Roman Catholics from the mob at the Fire of London."

Mr. Arnytage has chosen a sacred theme, "Ahab and Jezebel;" and Mr. Keyl will send two subjects, a group of portraits and a study of foxhounds.

The blue-eyed children of Germany have inspired Mr. Henley with two subjects—children by a cottage door and among the stocks in a corn-field. Miss Solomon has selected a passage from Esmond; Mr. Prinsep a scene from Shakespeare; but he has one or two other pictures in hand beside, one, a female figure, the size of life. Mr. Dillon has some more Eastern pictures on the easel, with one of those glorious Eastern sunsets of which he is such a gorgeous interpreter.

Besides these one may look for pictures from Messrs. Stanfield, Roberts, Watts, and others whose names will at once occur to the reader. So, on the whole, we are promised a good exhibition, with many pictures of more than ordinary interest. But we shall look, alas! in vain for some styles familiar in bygone days. For some hands whose touch we know well will wield the brush no more, whose works are now invested with the sanctity of relics.

Now that Sir Rowland Hill (will he continue Sir Rowland, or shall we have to learn to know him as Lord Someone?) is retiring from the public service, people are waking up to the benefits they owe him; and so, no doubt, they will be glad to hear that he has just been sitting to Mr. Watkins, the photographer, of Regent-street. The likeness is a very pleasant one, catching a happy expression of grave thought.

I have just been told an amusing story of two Aldershotians. They were very young, and very downy about the upper lip. Snuggly seated in a first-class carriage, they felt themselves "awful swells," and, finding their cases empty, at the first station they stopped at shouted, "Hi! Here, Guard, hi!" The Guard, a herculean Irishman, with a Crimean beard and a Crimean medal, "came up smiling," as they say in the sporting papers of a pugilist when he is getting the worst of it. "What is it, gentlemen?" "Hi—haw—a—could you get us some cigars?" "We have no cigars, Sir," was the reply; "but you can have some oranges to suck!"

I wonder if it is true that commercial spirit and artistic taste seldom take up their lodging in the same abode. There is a story about a hall being erected, and the architect, according to order, furnishing ten pedestals. "What are you going to put on them?" asked the builder of the great man of the town—a merchant-prince, Colossus of traders, and all the rest of it—who was erecting the hall at his own expense, as the cheapest way of arriving at parochial immortality. (N.B. He underpaid all his clerks and warehousemen, and was a noted screw.) "Oh! the nine Muses, of course," replied the enormous creature. "But there are ten pedestals," said the architect; "who are you going to stick on the tenth?" The enormous creature considered for a moment, and then said, with the inspiration of a *nouveau riche*, "The Muse of Commerce!"

We are to have another dog show at Ashburnham Hall, of which a great many advertisements inform us; but the odddest of all is one in the windows of the Branch Cremorne Restaurant, at the corner of Leicester-square and Princes-street. There, on the back or front, I know not which, of a highly-varnished ham, appear in letters of fat these magic words, "Ashburnham Hall Dog Show, &c. Proprietor, Mr. E. T. Smith." Could no ingenious printer do anything with sausages?—so that, wherever sliced, the meat is so arranged as to form the letters of a word, say "Bel Demonio," or "Why give more?" I offer the action to one of the great spirits of this very business-like age, and trust to see the advertising sausage blooming on the walls in the congenial society of Sydenham trousers and Pankibanon.

#### MR. WOODIN'S ENTERTAINMENT AT THE POLYGRAPHIC HALL.

In these days it is not enough that we should have early spring spinach and new potatoes at Easter. We have passed such indications of the season altogether, now that scientific gardening supplies green peas and asparagus before the last withered leaves have vanished. In like manner entertainers have come to be in advance of the season, and our early amusements reveal the meaning of the sensational advertisements a week before Easter.

There is, however, nothing out of place in Mr. Woodin's anticipation of the season, since nobody can anticipate Mr. Woodin. He is too quick even for personal recognition, and before his identity can be established he is somebody else. It is this extraordinary qualification which renders it difficult to write any coherent notice of his new entertainment, for when it is stated that he "surpassed himself," there remains the fact that he is continually surpassing himself, and then surpassing the other people in whom he has merged his individuality, but who turn out to be his surpassed self after all.

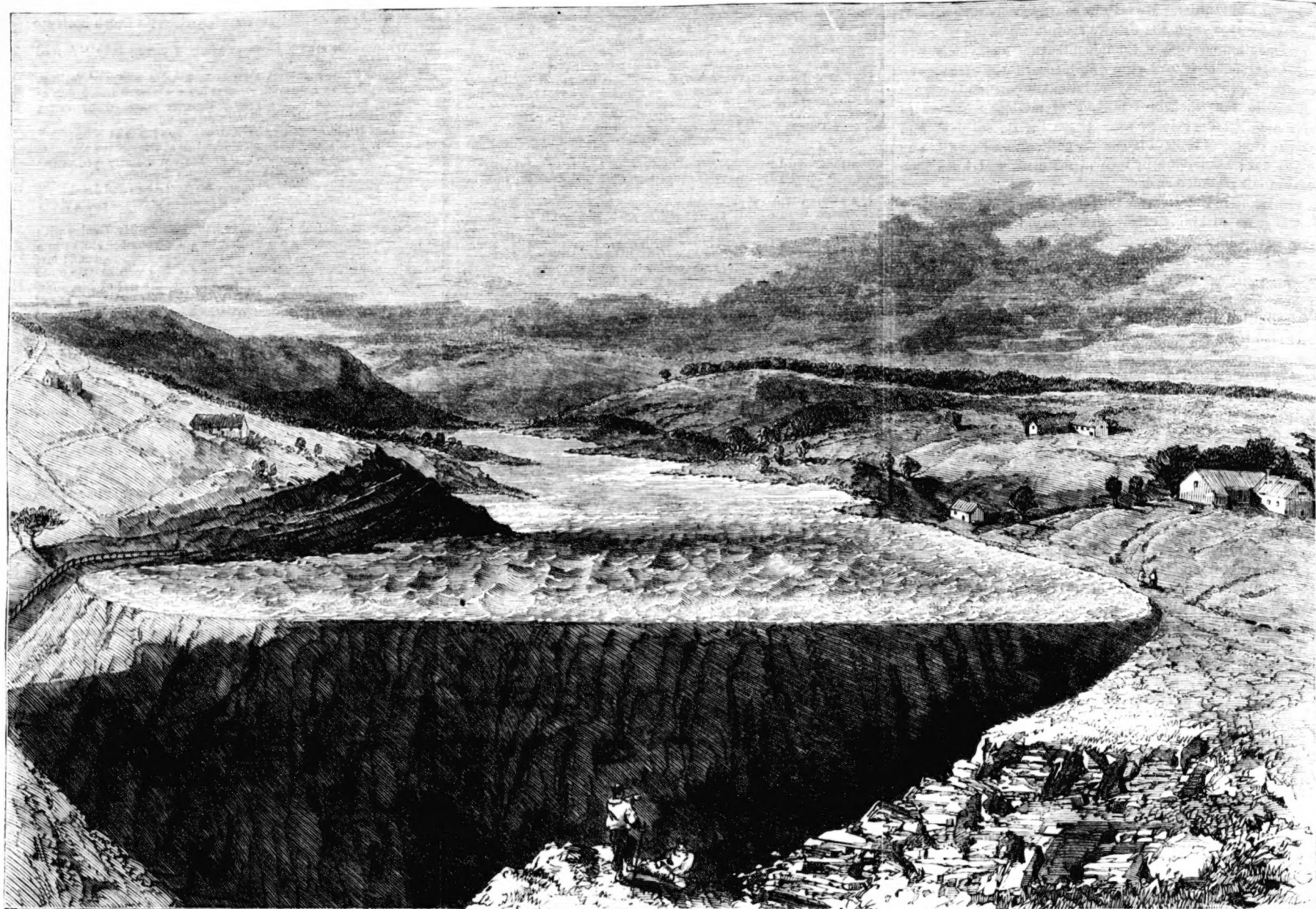
It is not too much to say, however, that in the eleven years during which Mr. Woodin has kept on such pleasant terms with the London public he has never proposed to himself such a trial of his marvellous powers of change as was exacted by the "Elopement Extraordinary" and "Bachelor's Box," on Tuesday night.

In the first of these, which was written by Mr. John Oxenford, the scene is laid at a railway-station, or rather at two stations, and within the railway carriages; and so marvellous is the rapidity with which the various characters follow each other that it is at first almost impossible to believe that they are represented by one person. From a nigger minstrel to a fashionably-dressed young lady, a weak-minded young gentleman, a deliberate old bachelor uncle, a railway porter, and a ticket collector, and back again to each and all of them—on the platform, in separate carriages, and the same carriage, Mr. Woodin changes with a dexterity truly astonishing. It would be unfair to our readers to describe the action of the piece—the second title of which is "Hurry and Flurry"—how Miss Araminta Minerva Holdfast runs away with Mr. Augustus Fitzgig and is overtaken by her guardian, who makes a discovery which alters his intentions; but it may well be believed that "impersonation" has reached even Mr. Woodin's utmost limits in the visible as well as audible representation of four persons conversing in a railway carriage. In the interval between the first and second parts we found ourselves speculating as to the possibility of the entertainer inviting himself to dinner, and enjoying his own society in a dozen different characters; an idea which, however apparently wild, was not altogether unjustifiable when the curtain rose for the second part, and disclosed a very pretty scene representing the "Bachelor's Box" standing in its own trim garden, and with a charming view of the surrounding country. To explain how Mr. Pappington seeks seclusion, how Miss Pamela will go to parties, and how their seclusion is disturbed by every variety of disagreeable visitor, would be quite impossible within these limits. Le Commandant Girofleure, the MacTartan of Glensniff bogie, and Gonoph, were all admirable as impersonations, and in the latter character, a waiter who has once moved in good society, Mr. Woodin sings a song which may be said to have been the greatest success of the evening.

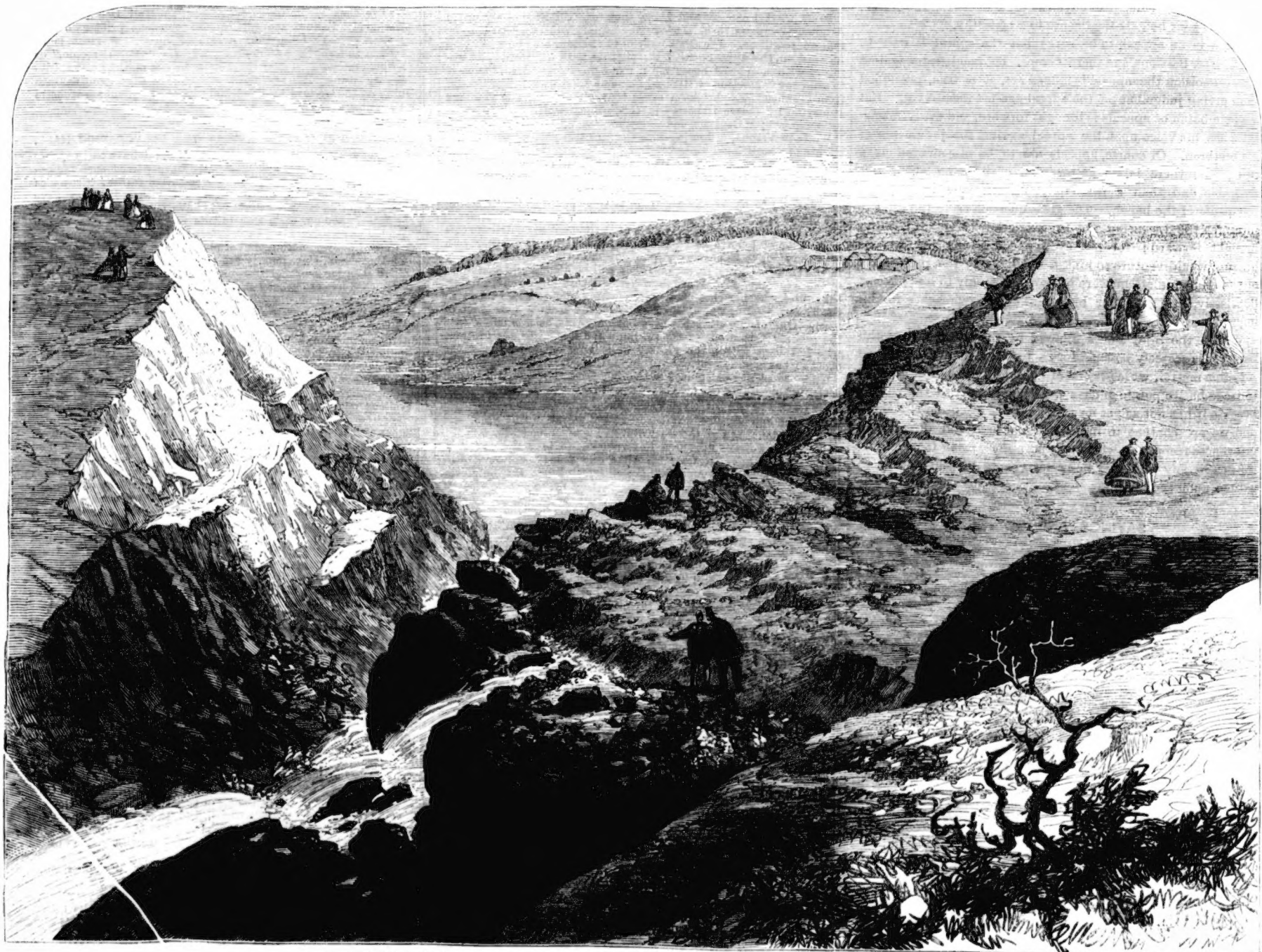
This second part, which was written by Mr. T. W. Robertson, is composed of just the kind of humour best adapted to an entertainment of the kind, while the scene is enlivened by some very pretty "barometrical and thermometrical effects," which will be seen to greater advantage when the usual difficulties incident to a first night have been overcome.

The success of the entertainment was provisionally established by a crowded and highly appreciative audience.



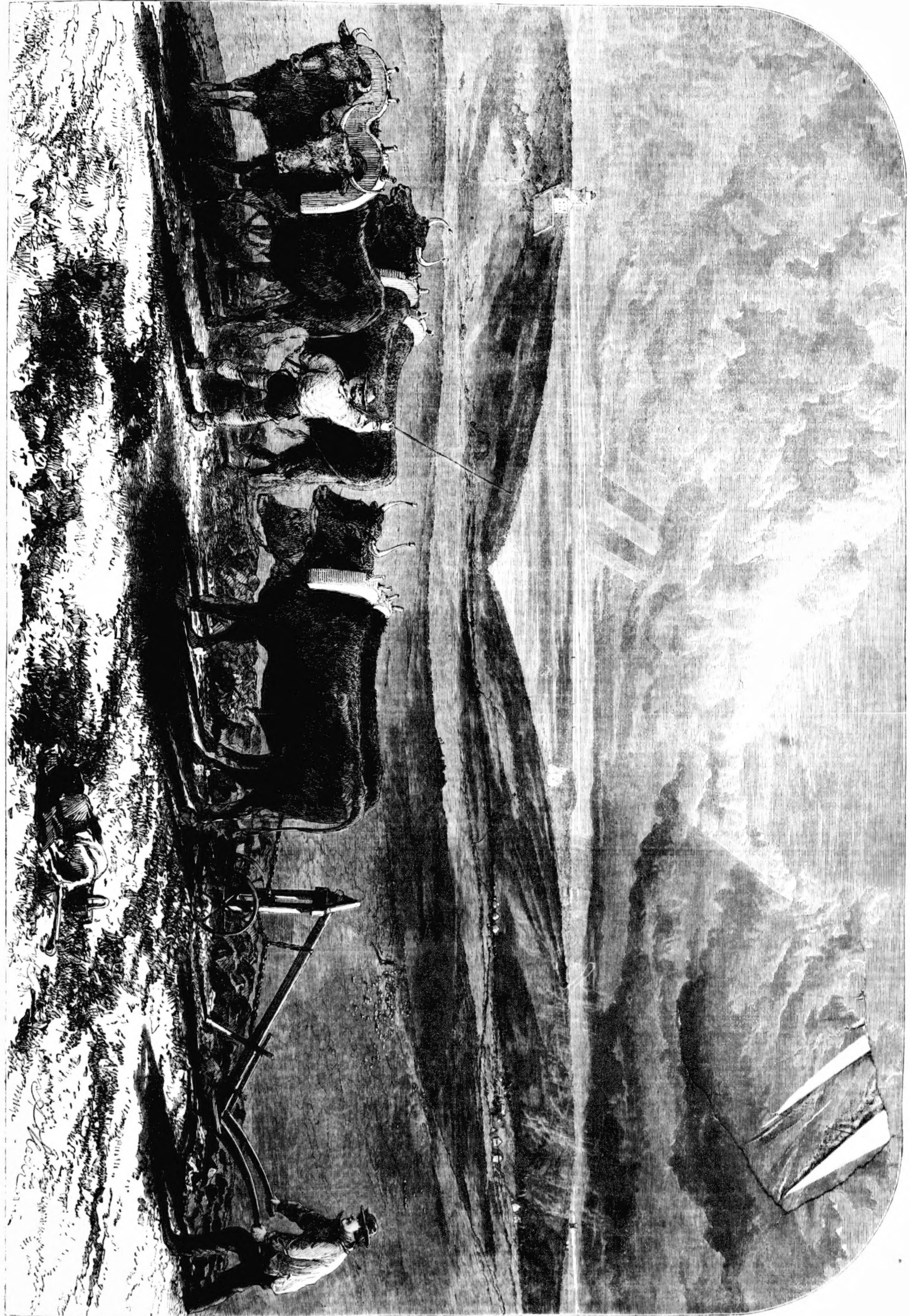


THE INUNDATION AT SHEFFIELD: VIEW OF THE RESERVOIR AT BRADFIELD PRIOR TO THE ACCIDENT.



VIEW OF THE RESERVOIR AFTER THE ACCIDENT.—(FROM SKETCHES BY W. NICHOLSON.)—SEE PAGE 191.





HUNTING IN SUSSAN: THE DOWNS ABOVE DEAGHY HEAD.



**PLOUGHING ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS.**

To the artist who is concerned principally with the picturesque, the discoveries of scientific agriculture are of little immediate importance. Dearer to his eye than any elaborate system of sub-soil or surface drainage, or the adaptation of steam to all the work of the farm, is the open field where the patient oxen toil and the ploughman drives his straight furrow. In no part of the country can this ancient method be better observed than on those grand Sussex downs beyond which the sea lies, a tossing expanse of steel and silver under the clear sky, and where the white sheep dot the great slopes, scarcely distinguishable from the still whiter chalk boulders. Here the strength of a whole team is necessary to break some parts of the land, where the chalk washed down from the higher parts of the hills mingles with the stiff clay; and the good old customs are observed—the heavy wooden yoke, the horn pipe, and all the usual accessories. There are in Sussex some 50,000 acres of this down land, where the soil is too thin and too near the chalk to be fit for ploughing; and this forms the wide, beautiful pastures on which the Southdown sheep thrive upon the sweet grass—sweet, that is, while it is kept closely fed, but running into rank, coarse herbage, furze, and heather, when the sheep are taken off it. The arable land on the downs consists of light layers of earth about 8 in. deep, and mixed with pebbles of flint, but favourable to the growth of barley; and it is only in some of the hollows that the soil is deeper and more loamy. These downs (the old Saxon word meaning simply hills) present some of the most beautiful scenery in England. What dweller of the city has not stood upon their smooth, short turf, and, looking round him at the vast expanse, felt all that exquisite intoxication which seems to come from deep draughts of pure air? The picturesque effect of these high lands is produced by the beautiful shapes of the hills, rising one behind the other and breaking the vast surface into every variety of undulation or bolder outline. But there is more than this: there is the wonderful tissue of colour which lies spread beneath the eye to the farthest verge of the sublime landscape, in autumn, especially, when the great broad fields of grain glow with a golden light, here and there flaming with poppies upon a crimson flame; the yellow stubble, the dark, dull, brown fields, where the plough has lately passed; the light, tender green of the pastures, and the darker hue of gorse and nettle, merging even into purple, and all seeming to change as the shadows of the floating clouds rest upon the hillsides, or the golden sunlight pours down on the distant slopes. Marvellous are the effects of those cloud shadows, picturing strange changes upon the great reach of upland; and marvellous that farthest space of all where the blue sea ripples fainter and fainter into the blue sky. And with all this there are the musical sounds of birds and innumerable insects, and of the scythe or plough, according to the season. Indeed, the downs of Sussex are in pure nature what a great temple sometimes is in pure art, leading to a gradual rather than a sudden appreciation of their true beauty and grandeur. This will be very manifest to the visitor who spends much of his morning and the whole of his afternoon in wandering about the heights of Beachy Head, within sight of the lighthouse, on the summit of that second cliff, 285 ft. above the level of the sea. At Pett there breaks into the scene that forest ridge which includes Fairlight, Hastings, and Bexhill; and from the latter place the low marsh land of Pevensey, which forms Pevensey Bay, comes to within a short distance on the east, while from Beachy Head itself (the downs proper) the great chalk hills stretch right away for twenty miles coastwards to Brighton, where the low maritime land intervenes and forms the coast line into Hampshire. It is here on the downs, by Beachy Head, that the ancient plough may be seen to perfection—that old “turn-wrest” plough, drawn by four horses on the lighter soils, and on the stiffer clay by four, six, or even eight oxen. Oxen, as well as horses, are worked almost everywhere in Sussex, for it is believed that there is an advantage in the tread of the ox on the lighter soils, and that his steady strength is most effectual in breaking up the heavy ground. Steers or young oxen are generally broken in for the yoke at three years old, and are worked till six or seven, when they are turned off to fatten. The Sussex ox bears no little resemblance to the Devon, with its small, elegant head; its horns pushing forward, and then curving gracefully upwards to the points; its full, large, gentle eye; and its clean throat and long neck. Its colour, too, a deep chestnut red, or blood bay, is an important element in such a landscape as our Artist has depicted.

Not throughout England is there a spot where that unmistakable sense of freedom which comes with a great expanse of country is more keenly to be felt than at Beachy Head. The combined influences of sea and mountain assert themselves on this majestic promontory, well named Beau Chief (now changed to Beachy), and rising in a span of 575 ft. in height. To the east lies the deep bay ending only under Dover, with Pevensay, Hastings, and Battle lying midway. To the west the mighty, sweeping curve is only terminated by Selsea Bill, or the Isle of Wight, on the far verge of the horizon.

At Beachy Head, too, the sea is exhibited in both its aspects—during the storm, when the waves roar like thunder from the blank depth below as they burst against the cliff, the driving foam veiling the rush of water; or in the soft, sleepy hum of a summer's day, when the fleece of white clouds anchored in the blue sky is reflected amongst the shadows of the snow-white sails in the deep blue sea.

**LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.**—The life-boats of the National Institution stationed at Castletown (Isle of Man) and at Lissiemouth were recently the means of saving, during a heavy gale of wind, the crew of four men from the schooner *Water Lily*, of Pwllheli; and three men from the smack *Barbara*, of Burghhead. Soon after the shipwrecked men were taken off by the life-boats both vessels became total wrecks.

THE GRAND DUKE MAXIMILIAN AND THE PARIS BANKERS.—The foundation of an Empire is a difficult enterprise, even when the sword has most completely done its worst. This the Archduke Maximilian now finds, to his inconvenience. His Imperial Highness had much to arrange at Paris, and left much unarranged when he departed. One of his chief difficulties was not forthcoming in abundance. The eminent financiers of that capital were by no means unwilling to help him; on the contrary, they wanted to do too much for him. It is well known that they are men of ample means and the grandest conceptions. The Emperor designate could have had any amount of money he required, if he had been able to appreciate the noble projects unfolded before him. The banker-princes of Paris are not vulgar money-lenders, and the Emperor designate was ready to undertake for the Archduke was nothing less than to complete financial organisation and occupation of the new empire. The general bank which they were eager to found, a paper currency to supply and regulate, formed, in connection with proposals which emanated from the precious metals, the conditions which it ultimately put forward, under which they would touch the required loan, and, with the good sense to see how foolish it would be to impose on Mexico, and refused to sell a new subject before he had possession.

THE LABOURING CLASS ASSOCIATION, at the Mansion House, on Saturday last Lord Stanley presided, and the Association for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, which he is chairman. It appeared that the resolutions made in the meeting of the proceedings that the Association had received upwards of £3000 had been received in full, and that no loss of money. There had been a delay in the receipt of the money, but that had been partly surmounted. The Association had been negotiating for the purchase, for £840, of eight acres of land, known as Hamilton-row and Hamilton-place, Bagnigge-wells, for a lease for ninety-nine years of a piece of land, close to the Tunnel, had been entered into with the governors of Bridewell Hospital. The society was also negotiating for a lease for eighty years from the Metropolitan Board of Works for a plot of ground in Redcross-street, closely abutting on to the new street, Southwark. Further negotiations had been entered into to obtain sites at King's-cross, Victoria-street, and in Shore-church. The plot in Bagnigge-wells-road was about 4000 square feet, and the estate at Wapping upon which buildings would be erected at a cost of upwards of £7000, was 19,000 square feet. These were very conveniently situated for the purposes for which they would be used. The Southwark estate had a 56-feet frontage, and was in extent 28,000 square feet. At Wapping they proposed to put up three blocks of houses, which would accommodate sixty families, and the remainder in obedience to the demands of the neighbourhood. The contract had been entered into for the buildings at Southwark, which would involve an expenditure of £3000.

OUR FEUILLETON.

**AMERICAN LAWLESSNESS.**

It would be a grave error to suppose that the Americans are not a methodical and self-governing people. They have a peculiar talent for association, organisation, and the management of public affairs. But for law *as law*—for law as a great external rule of conduct, and possessing a quasi-Divine origin, they have little or no respect. The absence of this instinct forms one of the strongest points of contrast between American and English character. I do not mean that anarchy is, if it ever was, their normal condition; and I am certain that the once eminent legal functionary, Judge Lynch, though he very occasionally deals out his rough-and-ready justice, has lost nearly all his former prestige and power. The truth of this assertion is not invalidated by the occurrence of the brutal riots in New York last summer; for they were almost entirely the work of a drunken Irish mob; and the mild demeanour of an Irish mob was sufficiently demonstrated a short time ago in Dublin, when the Fenian brotherhood stormed the platform and drove off the O'Donoghue discomfited. But there is no such reverence in the Transatlantic world for the majesty of law as that which has characterised the Oriental races, which filled the heart of the ancient Roman, and is one of the main safeguards of modern European civilisation. Despite all their boasted "go aheadativeness," the Americans are, in this respect, at least half a century behind us.

The reader may have already gathered this from various books of travel, but I can add to his knowledge by personal experience during recent wanderings in the Federal States.

Brother Jonathan will be "riled" by such an indictment against a people who boast of "the best Government the world has ever seen;" but, while he carries about him deadly weapons for his self-defence in districts where war is not raging, he is not a civilised animal. If he does, he clearly proves that he is living in a state of society in which he fears assassination, or that he is prepared to be an assassin himself. This carrying of arms produces a criminal recklessness about human life which is absolutely revolting. Where an Englishman in his cups, or infuriated by insult, would say, "I will punch your head—I will knock you down—I will kick you out of the room," an American, similarly excited, threatens, with oaths startling from their blasphemy, "I will *shoot* you, or I will *kill* you;" and this is not mere swagger, for the annals of their law courts can show that he has frequently been as good as his word.

In the month of May of last year I was traveling in the cars from New York to Washington, and, upon leaving Philadelphia, entered the refreshment-car, which adjoins the smoking-car, where, for a moderate disbursement, you can procure a substantial lunch, hot or cold. It is as well to avail yourself of its advantages before the train has proceeded far, or you may have additions to your lobster salad, or "clam-chowder," in the shape of dust and cinders. I saw some ices handed round which were well sprinkled with the af resid accompaniment. It would, however, hardly be reasonable to expect locomotive feeding to be as tranquil and luxurious as if you were at the Brevoort House or the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I had scarcely pacified my hunger when there entered the refreshment compartment from the smoking-car three rowdy-looking individuals, representing, I think, unmistakably, the several nationalities of England, Ireland, and America. They were excessively drunk—so drunk, that they ought not to have been permitted to enter the cars. The Englishman was the most intoxicated and uproarious of the three. They, of course, asked for whisky, acting, I suppose, upon the old and well-ascertained principle that a man who has already imbibed a great deal more than is good for him invariably requires more to "set him right," or "bring him round." Fortunately, no sale of wine or spirits is permitted in the railway restaurant, and very weak, sweet, bottled cider was the strongest stimulant to be procured. This, as well as tea and coffee, when offered to them in lieu of alcohol, they indignantly spurned. They condescended, however, to partake of three plates of ham and eggs, the charge for which was one quarter dollar, or twenty-five cents, each. This viand being consumed they produced five cents between them to meet the liability they had incurred. The barman was greatly infuriated, and loudly blamed his assistant, a coloured lad, who had served the drunken insolvents with the luxury of ham and eggs. This boy was a fair mulatto, and, to judge physiognomically, of by no means an amiable disposition. The Englishman ruffled his temper by seizing him by the arm and pulling him against the bar, and the boy dragged himself away some two or three times, but appeared to be stooping as if to seize some weapon of defence—I suspected, a knife. Though I had mentally resolved to usually act while sojourning on "the boundless Continent" on the wise principle of non-intervention, I could not help remonstrating with the lad. I begged him to keep out of the man's reach, and told him to be a little patient and tolerant of the misconduct of a fellow who was too much intoxicated to be the least responsible for his acts. Thinking that my homily on peace had produced its desired effect, I turned away to light a cigar, when I heard a blow, and, looking round, saw the Englishman falling backwards, his head out open and blood flowing profusely from the wound. The yellow-faced descendant of Ham and Japhet had, with a well-directed blow, brought a bottle to bear on the head of the offending "boozer," thinking, possibly, that there was appropriateness in flooring a drunkard with an empty bottle. I was glad to find that he had not used a knife. Of course great confusion ensued. A general rush from the smoking-car was made to the spot. I imagined that a "free fight" was imminent. I did not hesitate to express my disgust that the lad behind the bar should have struck a man helplessly drunk with a weapon of any kind. An American standing by, fancying, I suppose, that I was influenced by national sympathies in my remonstrance, came up to me, with his grey eyes gleaming and glaring like those of a hungry tiger, and said, "I would have killed him, by—! I would have shot him, by—, if he had touched me!" "Because he is drunk and incapable of defending himself, I suppose?" was my reply. And I added, "But you could not do that without being armed." I was anxious to know how that was; for his manner was so violent that things began to look serious and assume a "business" character, and had he moved his hand to his pocket, his boot, or the back of his neck, I would have administered the British fist with such celerity that he should have "gone down heavily" before either bowie-knife or revolver was produced. Of course this might have led to "a free fight," in which the Britisher would have been "dried up." As it was, my friend with the glaring, gleaming, grey eyes only reiterated his assertions that he would have "shot" and "killed," &c., and I rejoined, with much emphasis, that it was not courage but cowardice to strike, much less to murder, a drunken man. The next incident in this curious phase of locomotive life was that the drunken American consumer of unpaid-for ham and eggs, who had not witnessed the fracas—having gone into the smoking-car to solace himself for the want of drink by the consumption of tobacco—came to the scene of action and immediately announced his intention of "killing" (no other word) the boy behind the bar. To this reasonable proposal there appeared to be no objection on the part of the bystanders, until, with a false humanitarianism, and again in violation of my policy of non-interference, I thrust myself between the yellow victim and his destroyer, and induced one or two weak-minded sentimentalists like myself to throw some obstacles in the way of murder by jostling the avenging Yankee into the smoking-car. I need scarcely add that when the broken-pated Englishman and his Celtic and American friends left us at the next station my mind was considerably relieved, and I was by no means displeased when he of the grey eyes and the homicidal proclivities subsequently left me crossing the quaint colossal steam-ferries of the Saguehanna, and smoking, amid the scene of recent conflict, my Calumet of peace.

This mention of "killing" and threatening to "kill" reminds me of a story told me by an American captain who voyaged from Liver-

pool in the same steamer with me, and whose pleasant presence amongst us was perhaps, in some slight degree, attributable to the speed of the famous Alabama and the activity of her piratical crew. A New York merchant at Calcutta, anxious to satisfy the curiosity of some of his Oriental friends about "bowie-knives," gave a commission to the captain of one of his vessels to bring him "a few" on his return voyage. He brought "a few," but they were unfortunately rather under the average size. "Why, what is the good of these?" exclaimed the merchant, "they are only fit for boys." "For boys?" asked one of his friends, "what should a boy want a bowie-knife for?" "Want a bowie-knife for?" replied the New Yorker, "Why, what the dance is he to do, I should like to know, if any one spits on his boots?"

“I was sitting in my room at Washington this summer, one day, having a political discussion with a well-known European, “Anglo-phobe,” anti-slavery, anti-McClellan, anti-everything, except extermination of the South, Republican, when my landlord brought me a very handsome revolver in a case, which he said he could sell to me if I desired it, or would lend me if I wanted it when I was going down to visit the army of the Potomac. “You should have a small six-shooter like this,” said Baron —, taking a sweet-looking little revolver out of his coat pocket. “What, do *you* carry arms about you?” I asked. “Oh, yes,” said he, with the utmost nonchalance, “I have done so for the last six years,” and he restored it to his pocket as if it had been a pencil or cigar case.

About the same time I spent a very pleasant day at the Maryland Club, Baltimore, as the guest of an English gentleman, the author of many clever works of fiction, and of a book of travels in America, now before the public. Enjoying his hospitality at this sociable club, now closed by the arbitrary rule of the military Governor, General Schenck, we did not leave until midnight, when we were invited to finish our cigars and prolong our conversation at the house of a member who lived hard by. Our host was an amiable, elderly man, of the gentlest manners and the suavest speech. He was of a decidedly convivial turn, and had freely availed himself of the excellent wines of the establishment we had just left. He laboured under a vague impression that he had a bundle of cigars, which he asked one of us to extract from the recesses of his coat pocket. This operation having been performed, there were produced two or three crushed havannahs and a loaded and capped revolver, or "marking-iron," as that weapon is humorously called.

It is only fair to the inhabitants of New England to say that the duel is almost unknown among them; and that, in all probability, in Boston at this moment, or in Portland, where there is a more mixed population, there is not, perhaps, a single individual carrying arms. Were there any risk of a riot, no doubt arms would be procured speedily enough; but we must remember that, in a crisis, we can do this ourselves; and that only last winter the most peaceful of Londoners were fortified with anti-garrotting clubs, staves, revolvers, life preservers, knuckledusters, and every variety of dagger and knife. I have at this instant, in the desk at which I write, a poniard of the most deadly description, the blade of which springs from its handle on the most scientific principle, and which would be a most formidable and deadly implement of defence. It was purchased by a friend to protect him against the garrotting fraternity, and presented to me when the terrors of the winter were over, as a protection against American rowdism during my Transatlantic travels. I am happy to say that I never had occasion to use it, and I never carried it except when out late at night at Washington, where, despite the really excellent military rule of General Martindale, there were, during my sojourn there, seven murders in one week.

The duel, and the carrying of firearms and bowie knives as a habit, prevails most, as we might naturally expect, amid the rough, semi-civilisation of the pioneers of the extreme west and among the white population of the South. Even boys carry bowie-knives and revolvers, possibly lest some one "should accidentally spit on their boots." A friend of mine was travelling in the South and was hospitably entertained by a planter on his estate to whom he had carried a letter of introduction. He slept in a large room occupied by the two sons of the host—lads of the ages of thirteen and fourteen. The bed was given up to the guest, and the boys had separate mattresses at some distance from each other on the floor. On retiring to their room and the lights having been extinguished, the younger thought fit to lull himself to sleep, even at the expense of the comfort of his visitor, by whistling and singing, upon which the elder brother remonstrated. He besought him once or twice in the strongest language, well seasoned with oaths, to refrain from this musical exhibition. The younger cub persisted in "making night hideous" by his barking, whereupon the elder said, "If you don't stop that — noise of yours, so help me — I'll shoot at you; I will, by —." My friend thought this an empty menace, and so did the juvenile musician, for he resumed his interrupted melody. "Click" went the trigger of a pistol, to the utter astonishment and alarm of my friend, and the minstrel now recognised the stringent necessity of total silence. Next morning, the youthful "slavemonger" (as the Hon. Charles Sumner would call him) showed his visitor the loaded revolver which was his regular though dangerous bedfellow.

Frederick Law Olmsted, who has recently resigned the secretaryship of the Sanitary Commission and transferred his well-known efficient force of organisation to the management of some colossal gold-mining transaction at Mariposa, California, told me the following story not six months ago. I believe it is also to be found in one of his many interesting books, but this is almost verbatim, as I had it *virâ voce* from him. "When I was on one of my tours in the South I heard of an unusually atrocious duel having taken place in the city of —, in the State of —. When I reached the place I made full and careful inquiries into the case, and here are the facts as I got them from numerous credible witnesses:—Two young men, who had been intimate friends from childhood, had a 'difference'—one had given the other the lie. No mutual associate took any pains to get 'the difficulty' settled by any apology or compromise. A duel was arranged. It was agreed that they should fight with revolvers and knives. The combat took place in a field adjoining the town. Nearly the whole male population went out to witness it. They were placed at a certain number of paces, and were to fire and advance on each other. At the first exchange of shots, one of them fell severely wounded. The other strode up to the prostrate man—to raise him from the ground? To ask his forgiveness? To seek reconciliation? No. He leaned over him, and, without a remonstrance from the seconds, without any interposition from the bystanders, not even one shriek of horror or howl of execration, cut his throat from ear to ear. "And where is this man who committed this murder before the eyes of man and in the broad day?" asked Mr. Olmsted. 'Living here now,' said the narrator of the tragedy. 'I suppose he is cut and shunned by every one,' replied Mr. Olmsted. 'Oh! dear no! I should rather reckon that he wasn't. He has married one of the nicest girls in the place.'" It is impossible for one to have made any material error in transcribing the history of this hideous deed. It rests upon Mr. Olmsted's authority, and upon his veracity all who know him will implicitly rely.

So much for crying arms and using them. I have said nothing of the open street fight, which *was* frequent and is *not* now extinct in the West and South—where one man gives another notice of the interesting fact that he shall shoot him in the next place he finds him, and where both go armed until the favourable opportunity for hostilities may arise. "Gun after you!" is the formula used as the necessary notice of attempted assassination.

The Americans have, however, frequently given other proofs of their lawlessness than in such instances as I have mentioned. In almost every case of homicide, justifiable or unjustifiable, the sympathy is not with the relatives and friends of the deceased—the widowed wife or the fatherless children—but with the culprit who, in a moment of revenge, has caused all this desolation and suffering. To aid him in escape seems to be the general aim of society. "One man is dead, what's the good of killing another?" is the reply I received from a Massachusetts lawyer of high standing at the Boston Bar, when I was expatiating on the unhealthy tone of public opinion in America on these grave matters of life and death.



## Literature.

*Henry VIII.: an Historical Sketch, as affecting the Reformation in England.* By CHARLES HASTINGS COLLETTE. W. H. Allen and Co.

We can recommend this book. It contains a great deal of information, with references to original authorities, which the reader may consult for himself if he likes to take the trouble. Mr. Collette claims to have arrived, by an independent path of investigation, at the same result as Mr. Froude with respect to Henry VIII.; and his little volume is very succinctly put together. For our part, we do not quarrel with this kind of criticism so long as it is chiefly defensive. Justification is another thing; but the usual charges against Henry we hold to be, as Scotch jurists say, not proven. To reconstruct his character is a task for which we have not at present the materials.

Is Mr. Collette familiar with the celebrated paper by Sir William Hamilton, which Archdeacon Hare attempted, in his "Mission of the Comforter," to answer?

Of course, our friends will not take for granted all that they find in this gentleman's pages. In dealing with the story of Catherine of Aragon he twice puts down that the Levitical law forbade marriage with a deceased brother's widow; and, drolly enough, supports this by references which relate to a living brother's wife. Did Mr. Collette ever ask himself what John the Baptist lost his head for? If the reader will take down his Bible and turn to Deuteronomy xxiv. 19 to 21, and Mark xii. 19 to 22, he will find that such marriages were, in some cases, expressly commanded, under a penalty in case of disobedience! And the case put in those texts is, as it happens, exactly that of Henry VIII. and Catherine. If this should astonish the good reader, let him turn for collateral instruction to the elaborately argued evidence of Dr. Adler, Chief Rabbi in England, before Lord Lyndhurst's Committee on the deceased wife's sister question, and he will there see with what sovereign contempt a learned Jew treats Gentile perversions upon this very easy subject. Incidentally, he will be edited (if he makes the reference we suggest) by the evidence of Richard Cobden, the Rev. Thomas Binney, and the late Archbishop Whately—all of whom treat the present state of the law with simple scorn.

The story of Henry VIII., with its consequences, is, in truth, not half exhausted, and we may all of us—Jews, Protestants, and Catholics—find our account in a persistent and exhaustive examination of it. One fact, not generally known, but arising out of it, we will mention. In the course of the King's six marriages, it did so fall out that nearly every conceivable difficulty in matrimonial law was, in principle, raised, and set up for solution at the hands of the great lawyers and divines. The consequence was that in the short reign of Edward VI., "the Parliament, by full vote, appointed a Committee of two-and-thirty chosen men, divines and lawyers—of whom Archbishop Cranmer, Peter Martyr, and Walter Haddon (not without the assistance of Sir John Cheke, the King's tutor, a man at that time counted the learnedest of Englishmen, and for piety not inferior) were the chief"—with directions to frame a new statute. This was done, and the projected Act of Parliament, which goes by the name of the "Reformatio Legum," only missed becoming law through the death of Edward. If this Act had passed, the wives of wife-beaters would have had a means of relief which is not now open to them, though it has been proposed; for the Reformatio Legum granted a dissolution of the contract for "evil and fierce usage," and "lesser contentions if they be perpetual." It is curious to reflect that if this Act, which only failed by a hair's breadth to become English law, had not been first postponed by the death of the good Edward and then shelved by the accession of Mary, a great part of Mr. Collette's book (and many others) would never have been written, so totally different would have been the platform of usage and feeling from which he would have had to survey the whole question.

Studious readers, who want more information about the Reformatio Legum may find guiding references in the report of Lord Campbell's Committee upon the last attempt to deal with this subject. The spirit of the efforts at fresh lawmaking (in these matters) which followed upon the Reformation was very obvious:—"Take away from Vice all excuses, and then punish it." But the poor world found itself in such entanglements that it could not get this severity accepted, or even prevent positive clashing of canon law, common law, and statute law.

Undoubtedly Henry VIII. is entitled to the benefit of the fact that he lived at a time when law had all the extravagant uncertainty of a transitionary time, while conscience was in morbid activity on certain subjects. Nothing can prove him to have been an affectionate man; but he may, at least, be defended, not without great show of reason; and it is so much weight taken off our minds if we can only come to hope that he was neither sensual nor cruel, and acted moderately well up to his light. Those who have read Sir W. Hamilton's essay will know better than to expect that he could have acted as if he had discussed the Whistonian controversy with Dr. Primrose on Mrs. P.'s gooseberry wine.

*The Hekim Bashi; or, the Adventures of Giuseppe Antonelli, a Doctor in the Turkish Service.* By HUMPHREY SANDWITH, O.B., D.C.L., author of "The Siege of Kars." 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Dr. Sandwith has written two volumes of the ordinary size to prove that no good can come out of Islam. He may be considered an authority on the subject. During the Crimean War he figured professionally as one of the "heroes of Kars," and had fair opportunity of detecting the peculiar kind of morality which obtains in Asia Minor. Nobody professes to speak well of the Turks, except by comparison: people allow that Abdul Aziz is a vast improvement on Abdul Medjid, and that great social reforms are rapidly taking place. But that means no more than that, as regards palaces, pomps, and polygamy, the present Sultan of Turkey is only about half way between a Solomon and a Calibute, and that, when things come to the worst, it is hard, indeed, if some things do not get patched and pieced. Dr. Sandwith, however, denies every word of every statement made concerning Turkish reforms; and throughout he indulges in the most hearty exposure of everything Turkish, always conched in thoroughly uncompromising language, and always brimful of charges of falsehood against those from whom he may chance to differ. This is all very well. Blind abuse is always amusing, and Dr. Sandwith beats Mr. Roebuck himself in indiscriminate invective. Beats Mr. Roebuck—because his madness for finding out bad characters has so led him from his object—the abuse of Turkey—as to make him draw a European character of more vile aspect than that of any Moslem he has described. There is little wisdom in calling something the vilest atom of the earth, and, in the same moment, producing something even viler still. The book is a severe lesson in criticism on portrait-painting. It turns Tennyson's "falsehood of extremes" into a totally new sense, and convinces us of the truth of the absurdity that the lowest depth hath yet a lower still. The average Turk is the worst man living, but there is an Italian who is worse; consequently, there may be somebody worse than the Italian, and a gentleman a shade lower still; until, at last, if there really be anybody to come last, the average Turk will appear a very decent fellow compared to our friend at the other end of the chain. Was there not a negro so black that charcoal made a white mark on him?

These observations must not be misunderstood. They are in no way a defence of Turkey. Most Turkish "institutions" are bad, but many are certainly not so bad as they were. Our difficulty with Dr. Sandwith is only because he recognises no reform, and because he makes his Italian even worse than his Turk. For the horrors and atrocities recorded in these pages of "Adventures" he gives verba et chapter from many kinds of evidence, and, no doubt, there is not a single murder, perjury, or peculation recorded that has not its foundation in truth. But, as a matter of art, we may fairly question the good taste which collects all the atrocities of a large

empire, occurring throughout several years, and connects them all with the adventures of one individual.

Giuseppe Antonelli, the hero, is a "Hekim Bashi," a head or chief doctor in the Turkish service. He begins by leaving Naples in search of a large fortune to be obtained through Oriental munificence, and becomes plunged in troubles as soon as he reaches Constantinople. He is kicked in the thirty-sixth line, and, soon afterwards, being zealous in interfering where he is not wanted, is kidnapped off to Trebizond with a doctor's commission. In the meantime he has become betrothed to a lovely young Italian girl, Leonora, but circumstances prevent their immediate union. He makes friends with a Pacha, and accompanies him when raised to the pachalik of Mosul. There the incident and treachery become fast and thick, but they cannot be followed here. After some imprisonment amongst Arabs, whose kindness is repaid by a little in the poisoning line, Antonelli becomes a great man at Mosul; he embraces the Mussulman faith, and marries a lady with an enormous fortune. Previously to this, however, he has become acquainted in a Polish family with another lovely young girl. The parents die, and he is thus enabled, as executor, to steal all the property and sell the young lady to the Pacha. Next he tries to turn his friend the Pacha out of the pachalik and to obtain the office for himself. But in this he is foiled. He is accused of murder and forgery, but is at last successful in purchasing his life at the expense of every halfpenny of his own and his wife's fortune. By this time his father and mother are dead. He once more becomes Hekim Bashi, returns to the Christian faith, and has much to do with the Druse and Maronite affairs of the last three or four years. Every respectable person—wife, girls, and all—whom he has known die, and we leave him where we found him—a penitent man, doing duty as medical brother at an hospital for incurables at the Sardinian town of Pinerolo.

The first experience of Turkish fraud and cunning appear to have excited the Signor. He met the Turks with their own weapons—lying, avarice, perjury, ingratitude, &c.; and, although he certainly rose to an immense height, he had as complete and fatal a fall as man ever yet met. His adventures in Asiatic Turkey are a thread whereupon Dr. Sandwith hangs every shameful incident of domestic or governmental policy which has disfigured the last few years. It is a sickening picture, but we believe every incident to be true. As a book, these adventures would be more effective if the author had not tried to say too much. He denounces European Ambassadors and Consuls at the Porte as decidedly unvarnished, and yet exhibits them personally in his pages as being invariably sharp and active in their cause. He blames the Western Powers for maintaining the integrity of Turkey, because the Turks are blackguards who are not worth fighting for; and so seems to be quite unaware of the true state of politics in regard to the East when the Russian War broke out, some ten years since. The book is readable enough; but the slightest reasoning will convince that the writer's mind is quite undisciplined.

*Annis Warleigh's Fortunes.* By HOLME LEE, Author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughters," &c. Smith, Elder, and Co.

It is to be regretted that many well-written works of fiction utterly break down because the one leading incident is more than the reader can possibly manage to believe. Not long since Mrs. Gaskell made the whole fortunes of "A Dark Night's Work" turn upon the accidental death of a man; followed by a gentleman, together with his daughter and butler, burying the corpse in secret, fearing the possible imputation of murder. But, according to the book, nothing even like manslaughter or homicide would have been found as a verdict by any possible jury, intelligent or unintelligent. Again, plots and secrets are never safe with more than two persons; but still the interests of father and daughter in the "Dark Night's Work" are so close as to be almost identical, and therefore the butler, the third person, may almost be considered as merely the second. Even then the whole affair comes out in the end. What shall we think, then, of the leading incident of "Annis Warleigh's Fortunes"? Sir Laurence Warleigh, the head of the family, in travelling abroad, in a manner and mood made somewhat reckless by the early death of his young wife, which has been accelerated by childbirth and the non-recognition of her by Sir Laurence's own family. The child—a little girl—is left in the care of Sir Laurence's brother, Oliver—a mean, grasping man, who has married his wife for the sake of her money and title. These two, with the assistance of a nurse and a doctor, pretend that the child is dead, and bury a log of wood with all possible funeral honours. In the meantime the child is placed in the care of a Rev. Mr. Gisland and his wife, who are let into the secret and are paid by ample annual sums. Of course the general object is for Oliver to become heir to Sir Laurence Warleigh's large estates. Now, these clever people have actually managed to have six associates in this infamous plot, if, indeed, there have not been one or two more, in the persons of undertakers. As a matter of course, such a scheme could never hold water. Some one or another must certainly turn Queen's evidence, and, of course, some one does. But all through the book more than one of the characters suspect the truth of the rumoured death, and are ever upon the point of solving the mystery, whilst the heroine herself is ever meeting the family party, and insisting upon an utter abhorrence of them, founded upon vague impressions of former cruelty. Oliver's son, Mortimer, meets Annis (whose curious name is by this time altered to Alice, to prevent recognition), and falls in love with her. She merely associates with him because he seems to her like a link in the chain of her early experience. Finally, when many of the characters are as near the secret as "burning point"—to adopt the phrase in the children's game—the Rev. Mr. Gisland dies, leaving a written confession of his share in the guilt. Annis then marries a very excellent young man, nephew of the kind old ladies who have befriended her, and the principal villains are left off with simply remorseful lives. As for Mortimer, in whom the reader feels some kind of interest, he is made to wander amongst the Yorkshire wolds, and is supposed to have starved or grieved himself to death, or otherwise to have done something which shall grieve his mother, by way of eking out her otherwise inadequate punishment. This is a kind of retributive justice which can in no way be admired, although it is bored into every pupil of a dame's school, until little happy lives are by it and similar horrors often turned into terror bordering upon lunacy. Besides, it may fairly be supposed that the sins of the father will be visited upon the father himself, as well as upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation—a piece of ordinary justice which "Holme Lee" quite fails to make out. Thus, the "Fortunes" of "Annis Warleigh" begin in something astonishingly stupid in the way of cruelty, and end even more astonishingly stupid in the way of doing out dramatic justice. This is not novel-writing proper—not holding the mirror up to Nature. If it be, the mirror must be hopelessly cracked, and stealthy thumbnails must have glided through the quicksilver on the reverse. The pictures are mad distortions—to ordinary life and manners of England in the present day much as Fuseli's conceptions, derived from eating raw pork, were to delicate results of cultured imaginative art. Curiously enough, Holme Lee, man or woman, the founder of this ridiculous edifice of modern crime, smashes up the whole edifice like a card house by calmly endeavouring to defend its possibility. Near the end of the second volume the nurse, who has been one of the six in the shameful crime, gets into a dull and commonplace conversation of eight or ten pages proving that, if there were no more secrets than were unknown to the Devil on Two Sticks, every moment of everybody's life would prove to be a chapter of romance or tragedy, instead of something as plain and intelligible as were the events of yesterday to our pleasant matter-of-fact readers.

If novel readers will take the trouble to think as well as to read novels—many people find the process far easier—they will probably agree with the above view of the foundation of the new novel. But probably they will pardon all kinds of shortcomings on the plea that, at all events, the novel is a novel. Once upon a time a favourite child was in bitter tears because its own favourite was declared to be the ugliest cat under the sun. Suddenly the little optimist, the feline devotee, brushed the brine away, and triumphantly exclaimed,

"But, at all events, there is one redeeming point—it is a CAT!" Children have cats; the larger growth, novels.

It would be unfair to close these three volumes without saying that they contain many excellent points—senic descriptions, evidently resulting from an artistic and natural eye, and some few characters well drawn, but scarcely of that kind upon which the reader can long care to dwell. Rachel Withers, however, is admirably drawn. The quaint, old woman and the northern dialect are touched off well enough; but when Holme Lee comes to good society, to youth and education, to something, in fact, wanted to stimulate the reader to activity in getting through the book, there is a terrible falling off. The minuteness of Dutch painting is admirable when applied to subjects worth looking at; but, as the bastard in "King John" says of Life, it is "as tedious as a twice-told tale" to readers who have already tied their own shoes, eat their own dinners, and formed their own plans, and do not want to know the resolutions of other people, nor what they had for dinner, nor which foot was first elevated when the shoe was tied.

## A BATCH OF BOOKS.

*More About Ragged Life in Egypt.* By M. L. WHATELY. (Second Edition.)

*School and Home; or, Leaves from a Boy's Journal. A Tale for Schoolboys.* By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "Plain Reading for Playboys," &c.

*The Post of Honour.* By the Author of "Broad Shadows on Life's Pathway," "Doing and Suffering," &c. (Third thousand.)

*Work in the World; or, a Life worth Living.* By the Author of "The Kingdom and the People," "Young Susan's First Place," &c. Seeley and Co.

Here are four books, all issued by one publishing-house and all belonging to the same school. Our table is so crowded with volumes awaiting notice that a few words must suffice for this little batch.

Miss Whately we have already introduced to our readers. Her "Ragged Life in Egypt" was a very nice, pleasant book, and the new one has the same qualities of sincerity, simplicity, kindness, and entire loyalty to a faith and code deliberately received as the inspiration and guide of life. The lady tells her anecdotes and describes her scenes in a very natural, agreeable vein. She is always a lady, and always truthful.

Miss Whately shows, like the writers of the other three books before us, that utter want of dramatic insight which is the most striking characteristic of the Puritan schools of literature. Very amusing is the innocence with which she records, with some deprecating words about the strength of old "habits," that two Bedouin Arabs, who had just been listening to a Scripture reading, actually fought for the privilege of guiding the missionaries up the pyramid. Yes, Sir, actually fought; would you believe it? With great apparent satisfaction Miss Whately adds, that "no blood was shed." We do not seek to excuse unnecessary fighting; but we cannot help wondering what Miss Whately would say to a case of eager business competition between two Manchester warehousemen or two shopkeepers, both members of the same Church, perhaps both deacons or presbyters. There is so much candour in this accomplished lady that we feel sure she will see, when it is once pointed out, that there is hardly a churchwarden or deacon, in business, in any church in England, that does not do exactly what the poor Arab did—namely, the best he can for himself. That the good deacons are not reduced to similar naked physical dilemmas is their happy fortune. If they were, they would act in the same manner. This is average human nature. There are men and women who can act nobly. It does sometimes happen that, as Shelley puts it, a man gives up the plank to his enemy, and turns round himself to die; but when it happens the original constitution of the character is heroic—the type is a rare one. The average man, Bedouin or Briton, will act in the same way, after as many "Scripture readings" as ever you please.

"School and Home"—written "at the request of a Beloved Boy"—really contains touches of nature which have surprised us. It is a book which we should cordially recommend, if we liked its spirit. As it is, all we can say is that the sort of public to whom Messrs. Seeley's books appeal will thoroughly like it, and that it has decided merits as a boy's book. Writers and lovers of such books may take various names of Tory, and Whig, and Radical; but, at heart, they are all Tories: they all teach unqualified submission to authority, and would, a hundred years ago, have taught the Divine right of kings. In this volume, a poor boy who has, for a small fault, been so brutally punished that the blood drawn from his person has fallen on the floor, and he has to be bandaged up for days, is actually recommended to go and beg his master's pardon! The honest, natural justice of the case would have been for the schoolboys to thrash the master within an inch of his life; first, for the cruel excess of punishment; second (and worst) for taking a mean advantage of his power. It will not do to recommend schoolboys to thrash their masters as a general rule; but why create these abominable situations? The case in question was pre-eminently one for moral influence—that is admitted; and by moral influence the daring boy is at last overcome: not by the teacher, for the teacher was not equal to the work that was put upon him. The brute, therefore, made the boy pay the penalty of his defect, supplementing his own lack of moral force by the cane—exactly what was done by a pious savage, who is now suffering under a too mild sentence of imprisonment for flogging a poor boy until he died. On the principle assumed by all these good folks, that the child must be made to "give in," Hopley was quite right in beating the poor little rebel to a blue-black, bloody, dead mush.

Was he right? Thank goodness, no! And why was he wrong? Because he was making the boy's body pay the penalty of his own spiritual shortcomings. It is quite true that the wrongdoer must be made to yield; but the right to apply physical force is, in any separate case, a nicely complex question to be determined in *foro conscientie*. If it is said, "Oh, schoolmasters could never carry on the system at all if they had to weigh things like that," the reply is, Why should they carry on the "system"? Confound the "system!" Let it be amended till they can; or let it go to the dogs.

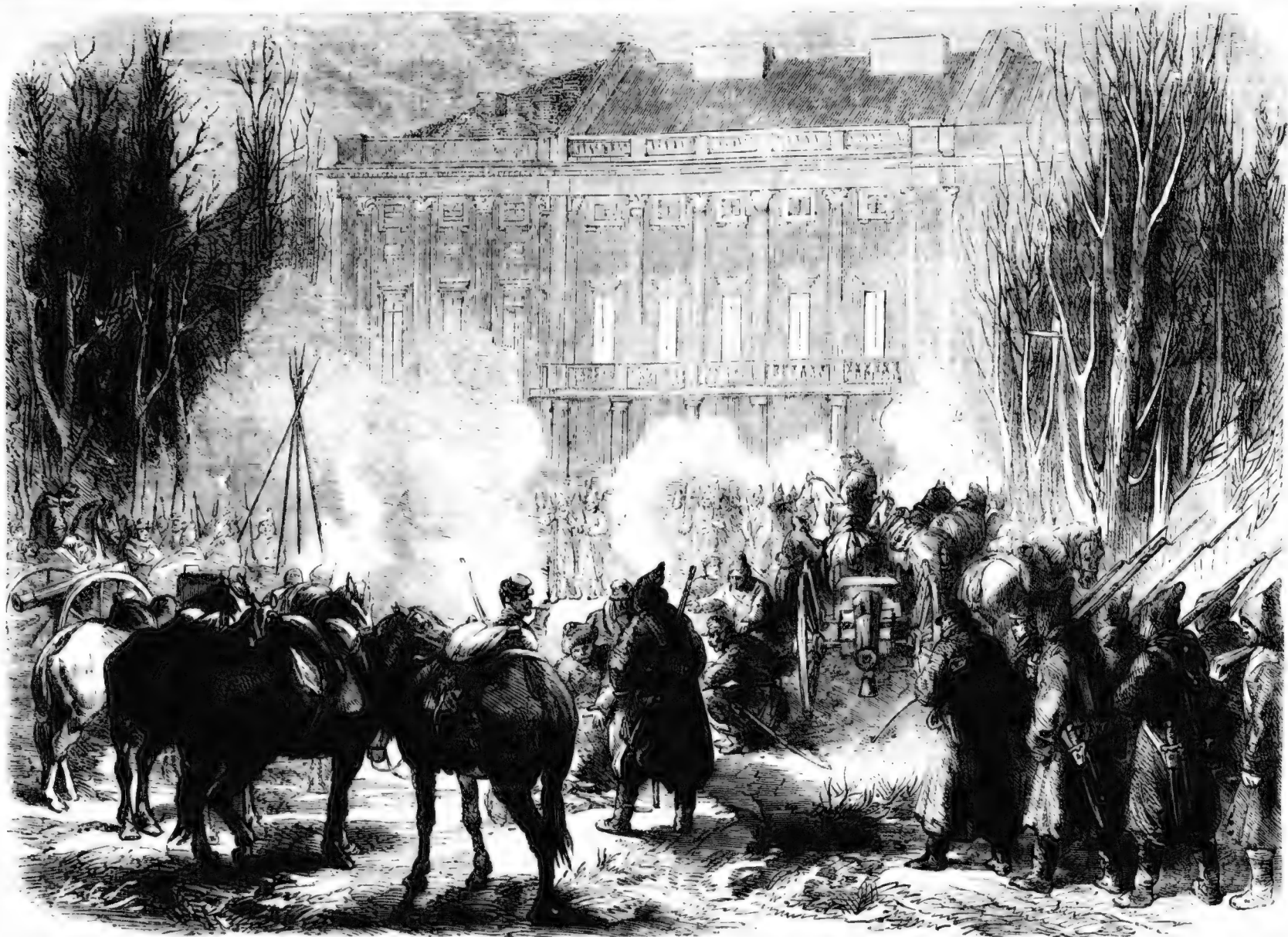
The author of this book is in bondage to phrases. He talks of the claims of justice and mercy "being nearly balanced." But, in simple truth, when the vulgar say that mercy may be extended to one whom justice would punish, what is meant is, that it would be wrong to punish; that, by some accident, the law falls too heavily in the particular case; in other words, that a crime would be committed if the sinner were punished. Thus, when a jury recommend a prisoner to mercy, what they really do is to say that he ought not to receive the usual penalty for what he has (nominally) done. It is not a case of two *Rights* pointing opposite ways. There can never be more than one Right. What happens is, that the formula, or law, is sometimes imperfectly applicable; and then its action is diverted by something which is called mercy, but which, in reality, is simple justice. Another instance (p. 304) of blundering from being in bondage to words:—"All true love is jealous, and will not bear the being treated with indifference where it has a right to claim responsive affection." But love can never be a "right" or a thing to be "claimed;" it is a free gift, or it is worthless as a rotten apple. We beg the author to look into his (or her?) own heart, and see if it does not accept the following substituted formula:—"All true love is *grieved* when love is withdrawn, and will not bear the being treated with *fraud* when it has a right to claim responsive truth."

"The Post of Honour" is a tale of the Madagascan persecution, and is written with a graceful and carefully informed pen.

The whole of these books have the quality of honesty; they are sincere work, and no sincerity can miss a certain degree of power. Readers who belong to what are called Evangelical circles may safely buy them, though there does not, to us, seem much evangel, or glad tidings, in the teaching that a child may be flogged till his blood spurts on to the floor for looking hard at his master; or that love is a bargaining Shylock, talking of "rights" and "claims."

A STATUE is about to be erected at Sebastopol to the memory of Admiral Lazareff, who commanded the Russian Black Sea fleet during the late war.





THE GARDEN OF THE HOTEL OF THE PRESIDENCY AT WARSAW ON THE NIGHT OF THE BALL GIVEN BY M. WETKOWSKI.

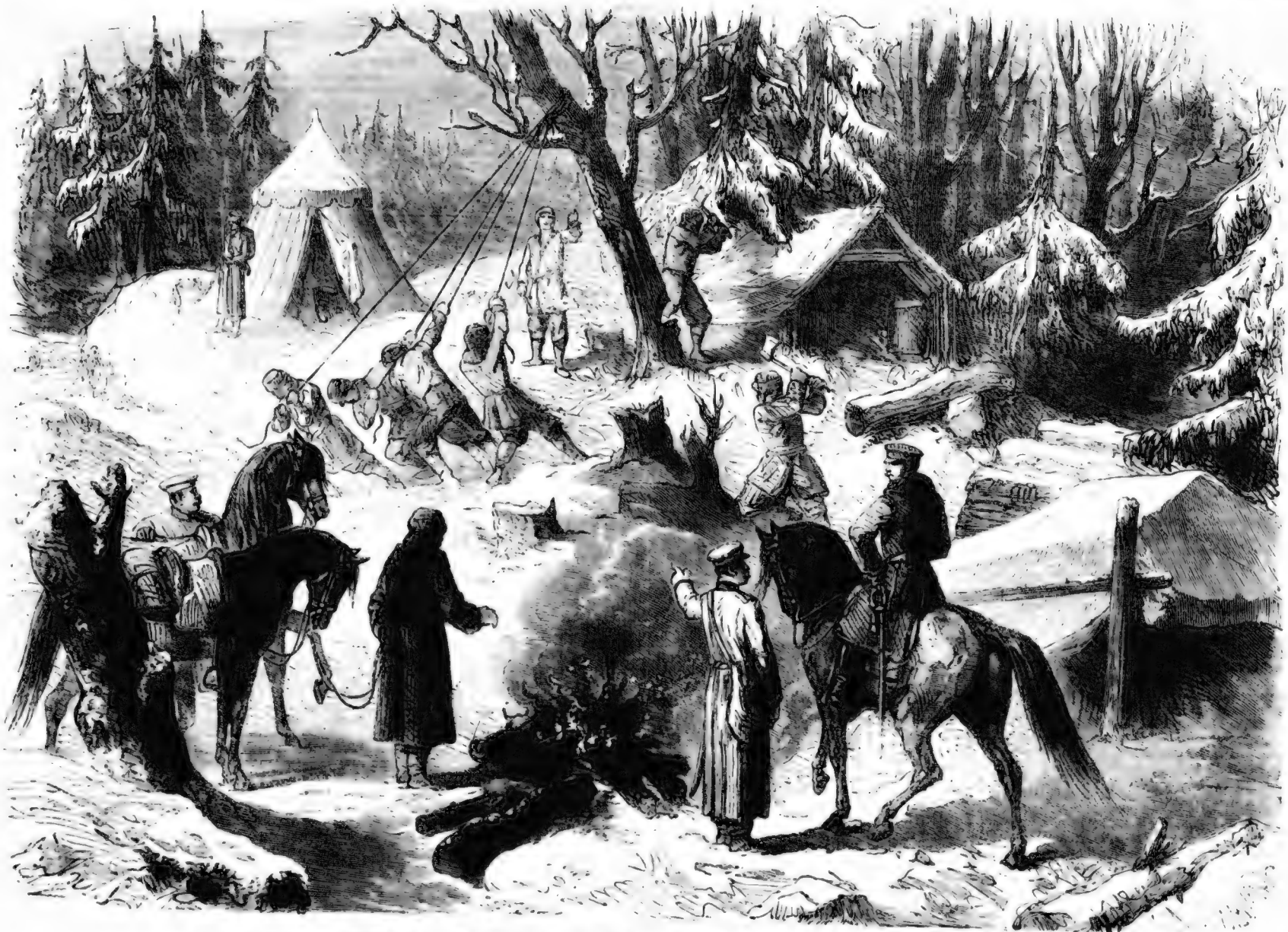
#### THE RUSSIANS IN POLAND.

THE accounts of the Polish insurrection are little altered. Week after week come the same sad stories of cruelty, oppression, and banishment on the one hand, and of indomitable determination to

dare the worst on the other. Indeed, according to the news furnished by letters from Poland itself, the insurgents (or those who are under arms in various parts of the kingdom) are even less disheartened than before.

The Russians have again sent for reinforcements, and troops are

being forwarded in great numbers to the governments of Sandomir and Cracow, while the line of the Austrian frontier—that is, Galicia—is garrisoned in a way which makes the natives imagine that some great movement is anticipated in Austrian Poland. The hope of returning spring seems to have rekindled the spirit of



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS FELLING TREES IN A FOREST OF THE PROVINCE OF MINSK.



the insurrection; and, whereas the Russian troops are wearied and disheartened by a long, hard winter, without any striking result, the insurgents, two thirds of whom have been resting in winter quarters, are now once more in the field, ready to fight on for another year, if humanity does not interfere in their favour.

Meanwhile, the records of the past month present a fresh series of judicial murders; some because the victim has objected to the signing of loyal addresses to the Czar, others for "participating" in the insurrection, or, in other words, for living in a disaffected neighbourhood. On the other hand, there have been some engagements in which the Poles have been victorious, especially the bands under the command of Bosak, in Radom. The principal battle which has recently taken place, was that of Opatow, in this province.

The insurgents held the chief town of the district for twenty-four hours against an enormous force of Russians, and the affair ended in a drawn battle, with great loss—the Russians admit it—on both sides. General Ozen-giersky commanded the Russians and Topor the Poles.

The insurgent leader Wolski expelled the garrison of Jedwabne, in the same government, and occupied the town.

In the province of Minsk, the Russian troops have arrived at the conclusion that the easiest way to come to close quarters, and so to defeat the insurgents, will be to cut down the forests to which they retire to rest after victory or to reorganise their forces after defeat. To this work they have brought the forced labour of the surrounding peasantry, who hate them all the more for destroying the woods, which are of so much value to the country, and to themselves as a means of subsistence. It may readily be imagined what a calamity the destruction of these woods will prove to the inhabitants when it is remembered that the whole southern portion of the province of Minsk consists of large marshy tracts on each side the banks of the river, and that during the spring they are

generally under water, so that any regular system of agriculture is altogether impracticable. Only where the surface is more elevated can it be kept in cultivation, and then it is, to a great extent, a poor, sandy soil, with patches of fertile ground here and there. It is true that grain, hemp, flax, and tobacco are grown in considerable quantities; but the chief wealth of the country is in its forests, which occupy a large portion of the surface, and, where the ground is dry, yield excellent timber. A large number of the inhabitants are employed in felling this and preparing it for market, and they have little cause to bless the Russians.

At Warsaw the energies of General Berg seem to have suffered little diminution, and the scene described in a letter from that unhappy city (and depicted in our Engraving) will serve to exhibit the condition to which the people are reduced.

The people are compelled even to amuse themselves according to the orders of the authorities; but the Russian police find so little disposition for merriment amongst the population that they are reduced to the necessity of employing either force or stratagem to obtain some simulation of festivity. On this principle General Berg, a few weeks ago, induced M. Wetkowski (ex-president of commission of inquiry at the citadel, and now the President of Warsaw) to give a ball to the citizens, promising him that, if he succeeded in making the affair go off well, he would procure for him the grade of Lieutenant-General, with a decoration of the first class.

M. Wetkowski was flattered, and, stimulated with the hopes of such a reward, set to work in earnest. He promised, flattered, and even threatened in order to induce the people to accept his invitations, and conveyed his polite messages in person to the small shopkeepers, everywhere protesting his attachment to the working classes and his devotion to the country. The mystery of all this anxiety may be explained by the fact that the ball was to



FIELD MARSHAL BARON VON WRANGEL, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY IN SCHLESWIG.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEVINTHAL.)



UHLMAN.

DRAGOON.

INFANTRY. CHASSEUR. ENGINEER.

RIFLEMAN.

HUNGARIAN INFANTRY.

HUSSAR.

ARTILLERYMAN.

UNIFORMS OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.



be the occasion for procuring signatures to an address to the Emperor, which was to be loyally forwarded through General Berg. Everybody was aware of the trap, however, and M. Wetkowsky's politeness met with an indifferent reception, notwithstanding which the preparations for the festival were carried on, and a palace which had been transformed into barracks was decorated for the occasion. When the great day arrived, the police occupied all the avenues, and a detachment of troops took possession of the garden of the palace. When the saloons were thrown open there were discovered a hundred or so of German, not Polish, citizens, a few employés of the Hotel de Ville, and a select party of police agents, while the ladies were represented by two German butchers, a wineshop keeper, the wife of a lamp maker, and the wives of the before-mentioned police. General Berg himself attended with a numerous suite of officers, and as he entered M. Wetkowsky received him, and presented in the name of Warsaw a silver box containing a pretended address, which he begged should be laid at the Emperor's feet. The President, in his character of patriot, spoke in the Polish language; the General replied in French, deigning to accept the address. The ball—such as it was—was opened by M. Berg with a polonaise, and in due time the hungry guests, who had all—especially the police agents—been exerting themselves, were served with a supper which was one of the most extraordinary pieces of acting ever witnessed. Toasts of extravagant loyalty were succeeded by the carrying of the President in a sort of triumphal procession, amidst the frenzied hurrahs of the delighted police agents and the crash of broken glass. This was the last episode of the "national fête;" and, as it proceeded, a long melancholy procession moved slowly over the snow at the northern extremity of the city—a convoy of 320 prisoners, who had that night been dragged from the cells of the citadel, and, accompanied by a formidable escort, were now on their way to Siberia.

#### FIELD MARSHAL BARON VON WRANGEL.

NAMES like those of Dörflinger, Leopold von Anhalt, and Blucher have rendered veteran commanders a sort of historical tradition in the Prussian army; but, as all the great Generals above mentioned closed their career of glory soon after the age of seventy, they must yield the palm of long-lived heroism to the present Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian forces in Schleswig, for Frederick Fleury Ernest Baron von Wrangel will enter on his eightieth year on the 13th of April next. He was born in Stettin, where his father had the command of an infantry regiment. In the year 1796 young von Wrangel, when little more than twelve years of age, was (according to the practice of the time) appointed a cadet in a dragoon regiment; and before he had completed his fifteenth year he received his officer's commission. At the obstinately-contested battle of Heilsberg, in 1807 (the first occasion on which the great French Emperor in person sustained a reverse), young von Wrangel's gallantry was rewarded by the order *Pour le Mérite*. In the nocturnal cavalry engagement at Gross-Gorschen, where he held the rank of Captain, von Wrangel had his horse shot under him. He distinguished himself at Liebertswitz and at Wachau; but he won his most glorious laurels in the affair of Eogoes, on the 14th of February, 1814, when he had attained the rank of Major, and was a Knight of the Iron Cross. The Colonel of the 3rd Cuirassiers having been seriously wounded, the command of the regiment devolved on Major von Wrangel. Five times he led his men on to the attack, and at length, with his gallant followers, cut a passage through the midst of the enemy's infantry, who attempted to intercept his retreat. At the battle of Claye he again had a horse killed under him; and at Laon he proved himself the bravest of the brave. In 1814, and before he was thirty years of age, he had attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, with the command of a regiment; and in 1815 he was promoted to the rank of full Colonel.

The peace which followed the battle of Waterloo suspended for a long interval von Wrangel's active military duties; but in 1837 his energy and intelligence were called into requisition on the occasion of the popular rising consequent on the ecclesiastical contests in Cologne. He prevented the outbreak of the threatened tumults, and the rank of Lieutenant-General was the reward of his services.

In 1848 von Wrangel was again called into active service, after being raised to the rank of General, and appointed Commander-in-Chief of the German Confederation army sent to take possession of the Elbe duchies. He commanded the Prussian and German Confederate forces in the obstinately-contested battles of Satrup and Düppel, fought on the 25th of May and the 5th of June, 1848.

On the settlement of the armistice of Malmö he returned to Prussia, and found allotted to him the difficult task of suppressing popular tumult and restoring order in Berlin. On the 10th of November the Prussian National Assembly was dispersed, and luckily the mere passive resistance of the Berlin population prevented any violent encounter. Throughout all the political changes of the last fifteen years the influence of General (now Field Marshal) von Wrangel has been exercised with salutary effect on the Prussian army.

Though extremely simple and unpretending, his manners are marked by a certain courtier-like elegance. His activity is remarkable, and he seems to retain almost youthful vigour both of mind and body. With the Prussian army he is most popular, and the soldiers familiarly call him "Father Wrangel." In peaceful times he is frequently seen on foot as well as on horseback in the streets of Berlin, where he is usually surrounded by a troop of children, whom he gratifies by now and then addressing to them some goodhumoured remark.

When it was determined to have recourse to federal "occupation" of Holstein and Schleswig, Marshal von Wrangel was named to the command of the Prussian contingent; and so great was the estimation in which he was held in Germany, that the Emperor of Austria placed his share of the expeditionary troops under the supreme control of the Prussian Field Marshal, General von Gablenz acting under his orders. The events of the campaign it is unnecessary to recapitulate, as they must be fresh in the recollection of the reader.

#### THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

WE have already given some particulars of the forces of which the Prussian army is composed, and of the manner of its organization. Our Engraving in the present Number represents the soldiers who form the principal divisions of the military forces of Austria; and, as these two great Powers are now acting in conjunction, it may be interesting to our readers to learn something of the army so large a portion of which has joined the Prussians in order to overwhelm Denmark.

It so happens, however, that we are met with a difficulty in the very outset of our inquiry; for it has been part of the policy of Austria to keep secret the full particulars of her armed force; and, although there are official reports—one of which was laid before the Reichsrath in November of last year—there are very grave reasons for doubting their accuracy, and the numbers officially recorded fall far below those published in statistical returns and in newspaper statements. In the official report just alluded to the army, then on a peace footing, was said to consist of 269,103 men, rank and file, with 42,201 horses; while from authentic private reports the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* at that date computed the strength of the army to be 476,299 men, 66,365 horses, and 1652 other beasts of burden.

In giving any very distinct account of the way in which the force is divided, however, it will be necessary to adopt the Government returns, and these exhibit 80 regiments of infantry of the line, each of 3 battalions, with 6 companies; 1 regiment "Kaiserjäger," of 8 battalions, with 4 companies; 32 battalions of "Feldjäger," of 6 companies each; 14 regiments of frontier infantry, and 10 companies of "sanitary troops"—making altogether an infantry force of 162,318 men on a peace footing, or 442,003 in time of war. The cavalry is composed of twelve regiments of Cuirassiers of 6 squadrons, 2 regiments of Dragoons of 6 squadrons, 24 regiments of Hussars and Uhlans of 6 squadrons, and 3 regiments of Volunteer

Hussars and Uhlans—making a cavalry force of 40,344 on a peace footing, or of 57,759 during war.

To these must be added 12 regiments of field artillery of 10 batteries with 4 companies, a regiment of coast artillery of 3 batteries and 4 companies, a regiment of "raketeurs" of 12 batteries with 3 companies, 2 regiments of engineers of 4 battalions, and 6 battalions of pioneers—making a total of 42,670 on the peace footing, but increased to 70,265 in case of war. The number of men remaining to make up the total of 269,103 on the peace footing are said to be engaged in the transport service, the gendarmerie, and the irregular forces in Transylvania and the border provinces.

This force is commanded by 3 Field Marshals, 15 Feldzeugmeister and Generals of Cavalry, 77 Field Marshal Lieutenants, and 120 General Majors in active service, beside 337 Field Marshal Lieutenants and Generals on half pay. The large majority of the officers, in the cavalry regiments especially, are noblemen of various rank, from Princes to the untitled nobility; but the pay of the troops, both officers and private soldiers, is miserably small indeed, and, except Russia, which has attained pre-eminence in this respect, Austria pays less to her soldiers than any other country of Europe. This is all the worse from the fact that the army is maintained by a conscription, to which, as in Prussia, every man is liable who has attained his twentieth year; but, unlike Prussia, the Government will, in time of peace, provide anybody a substitute for the price of about 1200 fl., or £123; and this can scarcely be considered extravagant when it is remembered that the term of service is eight years, with a probability of two years' extra service in the army of reserve. Of the army, in time of peace, a very large proportion is sent home on furlough; and as it is always desirable to re-enlist men who have already served their eight years, the money received by the Government for providing substitutes is appropriated to the bounties by which old soldiers are induced to re-enter the ranks.

#### THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THE great boat-race between the two Universities came off, on Saturday, at the old place—between Putney and Mortlake—and resulted in one more triumph for Oxford. The weather was extremely fine, and greater crowds than ever witnessed the interesting event. The Prince of Wales embarked on board the George Peabody from the Pimlico pier, accompanied by Prince John of Glücksburg and attended by General Knollys, Colonel Keppel, and Baron Guldenkrone. His Royal Highness and party took a lively interest in the progress of the contest, and joined warmly in the cheers which greeted the victors at the close of the struggle, and in those also which to some degree may have consoled the vanquished for their defeat.

The now world-famous trial of strength and skill which is once a year to determine which of our great seats of learning is most successful in the training of "jolly young watermen" has gradually grown up from very small beginnings to the importance and magnitude of a great national anniversary. There may be many people alive who saw the first struggle between light blue and dark blue some quarter of a century ago, and some few of that select band may have attended and noted every race that took place since; and it is only from one of these favoured persons that we could expect any rational theory as to the extraordinary fluctuations in the luck. First, we believe, Cambridge won, and then rested on its infant laurels for about seven years, when Oxford, having taken a reasonable time to recruit itself, tried again, but without achieving any change in the fortunes of the day. Then, at intervals diminishing gradually from three years down to one, the strife was year by year renewed, until at last Cambridge could reckon seven victories out of nine contests. After this Oxford began to pluck up gallantly; and in the course of following years scored eight victories out of eleven matches, so that at the start on Saturday the score was, twenty annual races, with ten victories for each; and it was evident that the race to come was laden with the important issue of which University had been most successful in carrying off the blue ribbon of the river.

Both parties were fully impressed with the importance of the occasion, and by each extraordinary care had been exercised in the selection of the crews. But whilst skill and length of reach were the points chiefly insisted upon by Oxford, Cambridge relied principally upon strength, and the result showed that in water-rowing the superiority of mere muscle is not sufficient to counterbalance the increase of weight by which it is accompanied, and so the strong pull of the Cantabs had once more to go down before the method and regularity of the "Oxford swing." In recording a great historical event no important fact must be omitted, and therefore, having added up the individual weights, we have to record that the collective specific gravity of Oxford was 99 stone four pounds, and that of Cambridge 101 stone one pound. Oxford had the heaviest coxswain, but both crews were as fine a looking set of young English gentlemen as any amateur in the matter of rowing need wish to set eyes on.

The river at Putney was literally covered with boats and the banks with spectators. No less than twenty-one steamers were awaiting the start, darkening one of the loveliest spring mornings that ever gladdened the country with their smoke and noise. It is but fair to say that they kept well in rear of the contending boats during the race, but their number was so great that the way in which they drove against each other was so dangerous that it was evident to all some rule or plan must be devised by which their attendance may on future occasions be diminished, if it is hoped to continue these yearly contests without risking some awful accident. Betting was nominally 7 and 8 to 4 in favour of Oxford; in reality there was scarcely any amount of odds which would induce those acquainted with the real disparity between the crews to back Cambridge. It was looked on as a hollow race, though none could ever have anticipated that the Oxford men were so completely "masters of the situation" as they proved themselves to be. A slight alteration from the old plan was adopted in regard to the start, as the skiffs by which the contending boats were held were moored opposite the Star and Garter, instead of at the Aqueduct, so as to allow room for the steam-boats to lie well astern.

The Cambridge crew were the first to take the water, and after a short turn their coxswain took them over to the barge on the Putney side of the river, they having lost this year, as they have lost now for four years past, the toss for choice of stations. The Oxford crew followed, and went straight to their berth without any preliminary spurt, rowing easily, but in a style that was absolutely faultless. Cambridge had the advantage in weight of crew, but in nothing else. In all other respects—coxswain, crew, and boat—Oxford was a heavy overmatch.

Precisely at thirty-one minutes past eleven Mr. Searle gave the word to start; and it is not too much to say that at thirty-two minutes past eleven the race was virtually decided. Both crews went off with a quick, hurried stroke, which was utterly foreign to the style of Oxford, and so far, of course, to their disadvantage. Thus, therefore, in a few short, quick strokes, Cambridge thrust their boat's nose some twenty feet ahead of their opponents, amid tremendous cheers from their supporters. This trifling gain in the start they could not maintain a minute. Before they had taken a dozen strokes after the start the Oxford men fell into their proper style, and at once it was evident that their victory was certain. With a fine, powerful stroke they drew their boat level, and from 10,000 voices the cry came to their antagonists, "Row, Cambridge, row!" As well might they have been called to row up Richmond-hill as to keep level with that dark-blue line of oars which with a steady, powerful regularity shot ahead. The Cambridge men did their best to avert defeat by putting on a spurt, but it made not the slightest perceptible difference in the fast-increasing lead of Oxford, who appeared to take matters very easily, and to regard the "spurt" of their opponents with as much indifference as they did the ripple of the tide. The contrast between the different styles of the two boats was most striking. The Cambridge crew were rowing with a spasmodic, unequal, jerky stroke, and evidently spending as much of their strength in the boat as in the

water. With the Oxford men, on the contrary, the stroke, though rapid, and the feathering rather unusually high, everything was done with the quiet regularity of machinery, and nothing could exceed the perfect finish of their style. Compared with the Oxford men, those sent up by Cambridge on this occasion were little better than a scratch crew. The lead once gained, it was merely a question of by how much the winners would choose to increase it during the rest of the course. They did not, however, appear to distress themselves unnecessarily; but, content with their great and fast-increasing lead, took matters rather coolly till the end. At Barnes the Cambridge men seemed distressed, while the Oxonians, some eight or ten lengths ahead, were rowing quickly, thirty-seven strokes a minute, and were evidently as fresh as when they started. Off the Ship at Mortlake Oxford was leading by at least twelve lengths, and here they ceased rowing, imagining the race to be over, and at that moment 20 min. 50 sec. had elapsed from the time of starting. Luckily they discovered their mistake in time, and rowed on, finally reaching the flag-boat, which had been placed some 200 or 300 yards higher up than usual, in 21 min. 48 sec., and about half a minute, or some twelve boats' lengths, ahead of Cambridge.

#### OBITUARY.

EARL OF ABERDEEN.—George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen (son of the late eminent statesman, the "travelled Thane," and better known as Lord Haddo), died at the family seat, Haddo House, Aberdeenshire, on Tuesday morning. His Lordship had been unwell for a considerable period, the principal ailment, it is understood, being diabetes. Deceased was born in 1816, and had consequently only reached his forty-eighth year. He married, in 1840, Lady Mary Baillie, of Jarviswood, who survives him, with a family of three sons and three daughters. As Lord Haddo, the late nobleman represented the county of Aberdeen in Parliament for a number of years, and succeeded his father in the earldom in 1860. Lord Haddo, the new Peer, who has entered his twenty-third year, is at present on a visit to his uncle, the Hon. Arthur Gordon, Governor of New Brunswick.

VICE-ADMIRAL DU PETIT-THOUARS.—By the death of this distinguished officer, which has just occurred, the French Navy has sustained a great loss. Vice-Admiral Du Petit-Thouars, a member of the Institute and grand officer of the Legion of Honour, had attained his seventy-first year. He was born in 1793, entered the French naval service in 1804, and shortly afterwards was nominated aspirant. After serving in many vessels and making a voyage round the world in the *Venus*, he was appointed Rear-Admiral, in 1841. He will be best remembered by English readers from the part he played in forcing Queen Pomaré to recognise the protectorate of France and cede to that country the Marquesas Islands, shortly after which the good feeling existing between England and France was seriously imperilled, and a war became imminent in consequence of Queen Pomaré having insulted the French flag, after being instigated to do so (as the French alleged) by our Vice-Consul, Mr. Pritchard. Admiral Du Petit-Thouars considered it to be his duty to take complete possession of the Society Islands in consequence; but his conduct was disavowed by the Ministry of Louis Philippe on representations being made by the English Government. This was in 1843, and so great was the excitement in France that a subscription was entered into to present him with a sword of honour. On his return to France he declined to accept the honour intended to be thus conferred upon him, and soon afterwards was raised to the rank of Vice-Admiral. He was elected member of the Legislative Assembly in 1849, and since 1858 has been on the reserved list.

ADMIRAL HUGH PATTON.—Admiral H. Patton expired on Friday week, in his 74th year. He entered the Navy in October, 1804, and shortly afterwards became attached to the *Bellerophon*, and fought, as Midshipman of that ship, at the battle of Trafalgar. He was for some years actively employed, and particularly distinguished himself as Lieutenant of the *Astrea*, 36, Captain John Eveleigh, when he "shared in a yardarm and yardarm conflict of upwards of an hour's duration with the French 40-gun frigate *Etoile*, which terminated in a drawn battle"—according to O'Byrne—the *Astrea* having her gallant Captain killed. His last employment afloat was in 1827, when he was Captain of the *Isis*, 50, flag-ship of Sir Laurence W. Halsted. He accepted the retirement of October, 1846, and was promoted to Admiral (retired) only a few weeks since. Admiral Patton was son of Colonel Patton, formerly governor of the island of St. Helena; and was brother-in-law of the late Major-General Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B.

SIR HUGH ROSE is stated to have tendered his resignation of the Indian command, and it is added that his resignation has been accepted. Other statements, consequent on this, are: that Sir Robert Napier, K.C.B., is to succeed to the command-in-chief of the Indian army; and that his seat in the Imperial Council will be filled by Colonel Elliot.

THE DANISH BRIG ALF, 142 tons burden, Captain N. Andersen, was captured a few days ago off the Dardanelles, while lying at anchor opposite the island of Tenedos, by the Austrian gun-boat *Velesich*, which is usually stationed in the Bosphorus, and has been towed probably into some Austrian port on the coast of Dalmatia.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, it is reported, was to visit Venetia, and to hold a great review at Verona on the 24th, after which he would proceed to Miramar, to be present at the departure of the Archduke Maximilian for Mexico. Troops continue to be poured into Venetia. So at least say the Italian journals.

LORD PALMERSTON last week informed a deputation of yeomanry cavalry officers that he considers the yeomanry "a necessary auxiliary force to the volunteers;" and that, as the pacific advice from New Zealand would enable the Government to effect a saving in the Army Estimates, they had determined to call out the yeomanry cavalry for training.

TWO SERGEANTS of the Royal Artillery—Saunders and Russell—have been detected in the perpetration of extensive frauds upon the Government in connection with the recruiting service, to which they have long been attached. Saunders has absconded, but Russell is in custody, and will be tried for the offence.

NINE MEN were practising military evolutions at Blarney on the 26th of December last, when they were detected, and eight of them have been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. The ninth, a pensioner, named Neale, was awarded fifteen months' confinement.

A TAILOR'S WIFE, residing two miles from Edinburgh, went to that city, leaving three small children in bed. In her absence the bed-clothes became ignited, and a neighbour, noticing smoke issuing from the house, went in and found the children smothered.

AN AUSTRIAN OFFICER who had captured a cannon from the Danes was ordered to take it to Vienna, as the Emperor wished to see him. When he went to the public place to remove it he found that the Prussians had appropriated the gun, and dispatched it to Berlin as a trophy. He started for Berlin and recovered it.

THE COST OF A BOMBARDMENT.—Every shot of rifled artillery, according to the Prussian system, says a Berlin letter, costs at least £1 sterling. The works of Düppel being armed with 120 heavy guns, about 300 will be required to undertake the attack, each of which is expected to fire from 700 to 1000 shots. At the lowest estimate, then, the cost of the bombardment must be set down at £210,000. In this, however, is not included the cost of the timber, the gabions, shovels, brushwood, &c. Then there is another heavy item, accruing from the transport of the guns and ammunition—300 24-pounders, weighing no less than 30,000 cwt., while the ammunition required weighs about five times as much.

FINSBURY AND MR. COX, M.P.—A correspondent of a contemporary says:—"The Liberal party has a weighty question to put to Finsbury. It has to ask what that great borough now thinks of its member, Mr. Cox. I simply express the wide-spread feeling which I find existing when I say that a great public meeting should be called at the earliest possible moment to declare, in an unmistakable manner worthy of the borough, the answer of Finsbury to this question. Mr. Cox has taken a prominent part in the attempt to hunt down Mr. Stansfeld; he was the first and the last to speak in the series of Stansfeld-Mazzini debates, and he voted in the division with the office-hungry Tories to throw out the Government because it stoutly refused to cast overboard its most radical member, the very essence of whose crime was this—that he had not, while in office, forgotten the sympathies and friendships he had cherished in years when office had never been dreamt of." Picardies have been posted all over the borough denouncing the conduct of Mr. Cox in connection with the Stansfeld-Mazzini affair.

"BIG WILL."—The "Big Will" 600-pounder, built by Sir William Armstrong, was fired a few days ago at an eleven-inch target at Shoeburyness. A 334-lb. steel spherical shot was used, and 90 lb. of powder. The shot struck the very centre of the plate with a terrific crash, at a velocity of 1560 ft., and at one blow closed the experiments of the day. Nothing further remained to be accomplished, for the target was gone. This 600-pounder has been a whole year at Shoeburyness without even an attempt to ascertain the number of rounds it will stand.

NEW STEEL PADDLE-STEAMERS FOR THE CONFEDERATES.—On Saturday last a new steel steamer, called the *Badger*, underwent a trial-trip on the Mersey and outside the port, and her speed averaged about fifteen to sixteen knots an hour. This vessel will leave Liverpool in a few days for a Confederate port, probably Wilmington. On Monday another vessel, a sister ship to the *Badger*, underwent a trial-trip, and averaged about fifteen knots an hour. The name of the second steamer is "Let her B." In a few days a third vessel, built on the same principle as the two vessels above named, and called the *Fox*, will likewise undergo a trial-trip, previous to running the blockade. Another steel steamer is fast approaching completion. The name of this vessel will be "Let her Rip." Confederate agents are said to have an interest in all these steel steamers.







